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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, September 30, 1983





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Manufacturer's Week
HAMASHBIR LAZARCHAN
2.10-7.10.83

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During the campaign, new make-up aids will be demonstrated on former Beauty Queens, as well as the general public.

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DORIT KADOH — MISS ASIA RUNNER-UP
DORIT FARKASH — TEEN-AGE MISS ISRAEL

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HAMASHBIR LAZARCHAN

The Campaign will open on Saturday evening, October 1, 1983, at Hamashbir Lazarchan, Exhibition Area, Dizengoff Centre, Tel Aviv, with the participation of the Beauty Queens.

COME AND MEET THE QUEENS

Sunday, October 2:	
Dizengoff Centre 5-7 p.m.	
Shimona Hollander	
Yif'at Schechter	
Dorit Kadoh	
Dorit Farkash	
Monday, October 3:	
Dizengoff Centre 5-7 p.m.	
Shimona Hollander	
Yif'at Schechter	
Dorit Farkash	
Tuesday, October 4:	
Dizengoff Centre 5-7 p.m.	
Shimona Hollander	
Yif'at Schechter	
Dorit Farkash	
Wednesday, October 5:	
Dizengoff Centre 5-7 p.m.	
Shimona Hollander	
Yif'at Schechter	
Dorit Farkash	
Thursday, October 6:	
Dizengoff Centre 5-7 p.m.	
Shimona Hollander	
Yif'at Schechter	
Dorit Farkash	
Friday, October 7:	
Dizengoff Centre 5-7 p.m.	
Shimona Hollander	
Yif'at Schechter	
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Egged Continues On Its Way:

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Changes, Innovations and Improvements in Countrywide Bus Routes from October 2, 1983, as Authorised by the Transport Controllers.

NORTHERN DISTRICT

ACRE — Route changes

Route No. 2 will serve the eastern area housing estates, including Ben-Gurion and Burla quarters.
Route No. 3 will serve the northern quarters.
Route No. 1 will operate only during the evening from 7.30 p.m. Starting point for intra-city routes at Egged Old City station. Details on bus routes at Egged information bureaux.

TIVON

New route — No. 874 — from Tivon via Yokne'am to Tel Aviv. Bus leaves on Sunday only from Tivon at 5.30 a.m.

YOKNE'AM

Route No. 877, Monday-Friday, leaves from Upper Yokne'am via Harei Menashe to Tel Aviv, at 5.30 a.m.
Route No. 878 from Tel Aviv to Yokne'am leaves Sunday-Thursday at 4.30 p.m.; Friday at 2.50 p.m.

KIRYAT SHMONA — HAIFA

Opening of new route — No. 505 — from Kiryat Shmona to Haifa via Amiad, Golan Junction and Yagur. Bus departs Sunday-Friday at 6.45 a.m.

KIRYAT SHMONA — TEL AVIV

Bus service from Kiryat Shmona to Tel Aviv on Sunday-Thursday, to be extended until 7 p.m.

KATZRIN

Route No. 843, return trip Katzin-Tel Aviv, will have changed schedule as follows:
From Katzin: Sunday — 5 a.m.; Wednesday — 5 a.m.; Friday — 7.30 a.m.
From Tel Aviv: Sunday — 10 a.m.; Wednesday — 4 p.m.; Friday — 12.30 p.m.

CENTRAL DISTRICT

Route No. 468, Tel Aviv-Atarot via Beit Arye and Halamish, extended to Jerusalem and return to Tel Aviv.

Timetable:
From Tel Aviv: Sunday-Thursday, 6 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m. Friday, 6 a.m., 2 p.m.
From Jerusalem: Sunday-Thursday, 6 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 5.50 p.m. Friday, 6 a.m., 1.45 p.m.
Please Note: Route No. 77, Halamish-Jerusalem return trip, will be cancelled due to the introduction of Route No. 468.

URIM

Route No. 356, Urim-Tel Aviv via Ofakim and Kiryat Gat, will be shortened, and pass through the Ashdod junction and coastal road.

JERUSALEM DISTRICT

Route No. 468, Jerusalem-Tel Aviv, see Central Region. Route No. 28A to be cancelled. Bus service from the Central Bus Station to Police Headquarters and Housing Ministry in East Jerusalem will be provided by Route No. 28.
Route No. 16 to be cancelled. In its stead, changes will be made in Route No. 17 to Noyot and Naveh Sha'anun quarters via Rehov Burla.
Route No. 17A to enter once every hour from the direction of town to Rehov Aviad in the Givat Mordechai quarter between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

JERUSALEM-KIRYAT ARBA

Route No. 080, Jerusalem-Kiryat Arba and return will pass through Ramat Mamre (Givat Haharsina).

EFRAT and GUSH ETZION

Route No. 081 to Efrat and Gush Etzion will have an added trip from Jerusalem at 8.45 p.m.

REMINDER ON THE HALF PAST MIDNIGHT ROUTE FROM JERUSALEM

Egged wishes to remind the travelling public of the Half Past Midnight return trip Jerusalem-Eilat. Assure yourself of a seat by purchasing your ticket in advance.

Change in Cessation of Service — Bus service on Friday will be moved back to 4.30 p.m.

INFORMATION BUREAUX

We wish to remind the public of the telephone numbers at information bureaux:
Tel Aviv — 03-432777, 432414/5/6; Jerusalem — 02-528231/2, 523466; Haifa — 04-538275/6.
For additional information and detailed timetables, apply at all information bureaux at Egged stations and at information centres.

More improvements from





KHOMAINI'S SECOND FRONT

The presence of Iranian Revolutionary Guards in Lebanon is an integral part of the ayatollah's 'strategy of the long haul,' writes DANIEL DISHON.

MOST STRANGE among the many strange and gruesome reports that came from the Shouf mountains after the Israeli withdrawal was the news of Iranian fighters in action alongside the Druze and the Palestinians.

Until then, the contingent of Iranians — most, if not all, from the Revolutionary Guards rather than the regular army — had been stationed well to the rear, in and around Baalbek in the northern Bekaa. They had arrived there over a year ago as a "volunteer" force to help fight Israel. However, instead of fighting, they kept busy preaching their own Khomeini-style brand of Shi'a Islam to their local co-religionists (they no doubt chose Baalbek as their garrison town because it is one of the main centres of the Lebanese Shi'a community) and trying to force their code of conduct on the town.

This resulted in some local unpleasantness, but by and large little was heard about them for a year. But when the Druze offensive against the Christians started, they came into their own, taking part in the fighting and — for all we know — in the gratuitous killing as well, and trying to link up with the Shi'a populated quarters of southern Beirut.

What purpose can Tehran have in placing a unit in Lebanon, and eventually committing it to battle there, at a time when Iran is locked in a life-and-death struggle on its border with Iraq? On the face of it, one would expect the exigencies of the war — which has just entered its fourth year — to override all other considerations.

TO TRY and account for such seemingly lopsided priorities, it is necessary to consider the present state of Iraqi-Iranian warfare. When the war started in September 1980, Iraq had expected a swift and decisive victory against a country where the revolution had just destroyed the army — or so Baghdad estimated. When the full extent of that miscalculation dawned upon its leaders a few weeks later, Baghdad — rather un-

nerved — adopted a basically defensive strategy for its ground forces, to which it still clings three years later.

Gradually, therefore, the initiative passed to the Iranians. The following year, Tehran felt strong enough to entertain thoughts of forcing a battlefield decision by cutting off Iraq's south from the rest of the country and by developing a direct threat towards Baghdad in the central sector. These attempts reached their peak in the spring of 1982, but now it was Iran's turn to be disappointed. The Iraqi army had, in the meantime, improved its defensive capabilities enough to prevent a breakthrough, though not enough to deny the Iranians any territorial gains whatsoever.

For the last 18 months or so, Iran has thus gone over to what might be called the "strategy of the long haul." This led to an operational pattern that has become typical for 1982-83: intermittent Iranian offensives of considerable strength but not of a weight to make any of them a war-winning move, eventually being halted with great effort and at considerable cost by the Iraqis.

Typically, each successive cycle carried the Iranians some distance deeper into Iraqi territory. Very slowly, the front-line protecting Basra and the approaches to Baghdad would thus be eroded and Iraq's strength worn out.

Such a strategy is predicated on Tehran's assumption that Iran can sustain this kind of war effort better, and for longer, than Iraq. All signs indicate that this assumption is correct. Iran's area is almost four times that of Iraq, its population approximately three times that of the latter. It is thus geographically more capable of overcoming front-line reverses (such as occurred in the opening weeks of the war) and demographically more capable of sustaining casualties.

The latter advantage is increased by a psychological ambience exploiting martyrdom, which draws on 13 centuries of essential Shi'a religious experience, heavily overlaid with more recent "utilitarian" ideological tenets (utilitarian, that

is, from the point of view of the present regime). It is not for nothing that Khomeini and his spokesmen have chosen the phrase: "the martyr-nurturing nation" to describe their regime.

IN TERMS of domestic policies, the war has been helpful to Iran, detrimental to Iraq. The present consolidation of power in the hands of the inner core of Khomeini's men is the result of suppressing first a "liberal-reformist" trend (centering round the first president, Abdul-Hasan Bani Sadr, who was forced out in 1981), then a campaign of extreme violence conducted by a vaguely leftist terror group (the Mujahedin Khalaq) and, most recently, the Tudeh (communist) party. The constant references to the external threat helped in each of these cases.

Economically speaking, too, Iran has the advantage. It can produce and export oil more or less to the extent the present weak world market will bear. Iraq cannot interdict Iranian production or exports to any meaningful extent (but is pressing for the delivery of French-made Super-Éclair aircraft and the Exocet missiles they carry in an attempt to change the situation).

Iraq's own oil exports, by contrast, have been bottled up in the Gulf as a result of Iran's naval strength. There, and have been prevented from reaching the Mediterranean through Syria since that country (acting in concert with Iran) blocked the pipelines from Iraq across its territory. Only the smaller outlet crossing Turkish territory is still open.

Consequently, Iran today exports approximately one-third of what it did before the revolution (a drop that has a lot more to do with the revolution than with the war), while Iraq's exports are down to less than 15 per cent of its pre-war volume.

Iran finances its own war effort while Iraq — having long since used up its accumulated pre-war reserves — now has its war effort bankrolled by grants (or loans?) from Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the smaller Gulf emirates.

A STRATEGY of the long haul is

therefore a reasonable choice for Tehran. But it is by no means a trouble-free operation. Citing wartime conditions to justify shortages, unemployment, delays in development projects, etc., is a device that cannot succeed indefinitely. And there are signs that it is already wearing thin.

To sustain the long haul, Islamic revolutionary ardour must be continually rekindled. To illustrate how this is being done, let me quote from a military communiqué, issued jointly by the armed forces and the Revolutionary Guards, and picked at random from the stream of such statements put out in recent months.

It begins: "In the same name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful," quotes a verse from the Koran, and then goes on: "Forward O heroic exterminators of blasphemy! Forward, O guards of the sanctity of Islam, whose implacable assault against the soldiers of darkness and corruption tears asunder the ranks of the black army of oppression... O revolutionary Moslem nation, O martyr-nurturing Iranian nation, Islam's mighty forces, relying on everlasting divine force, are creating epics of self-sacrifice and self-immolation."

Only at this point are details given as to the sector of the front to which the communiqué refers, the action that has occurred and the losses caused to the Iraqis. A town under assault is described as "one of the main supply sources for the armed outlaws of the Zionist Ba'athist enemy." Ammunition dumps of "the forces of the Zionist Ba'athist regime" were set ablaze. The code name of the operation is mentioned: it was "O God, O God, O God."

Further operational details follow, until the communiqué winds up thus:

"The selfless... defenders of the school of the Koran shall continue, until the just conditions of the Islamic Republic of Iran are met, to pursue their relentless battle against the Zionist rulers of Baghdad... They have the divine support of

God and behind them they have the pure prayers of the Islamic nation. We call on the God-seeking and martyr-nurturing Islamic nation to continue their prayers... and to congregate in the mosques to attain victory for the Islamic combatants." Another verse from the Koran concludes the statement.

ALL THE main elements of persuasion are there — repeated over and over again in countless such statements: Allah is on the side of Iran; Iran defends Islam against a godless enemy; the enemy stands for corruption (in the religious sense of "corrupting the earth"); martyrdom reigns supreme; and the enemy is identified with the vilest word in the political-theological lexicon: Zionism.

Since the Iraqi Ba'ath party is against Iran, it must be Zionist. That is the existential reason. The explanation offered, viz. that Iraq's aggression against Iran has deflected both Iranians and Arabs from fighting Zionism and recovering Jerusalem for Islam, is no more than a rationalization.

Underlying all this is the concept of religion and politics being identical. Proclaimed all along by Khomeini's revolution, it has recently been restated in the context of the pilgrimage to Mecca (the hajj), which the Iranians are trying to make as troublesome for the Saudis as they know how.

The Iranian pilgrims are being led by a personal representative of Khomeini. At the beginning of this year's hajj, that functionary told a press conference in Medina: "[The] Holy Koran clearly says that religion and politics are one and cannot be separated... [Only] reactionary regimes support... the separation of religion from politics... Such an idea is contrary to Islam."

He went on to list some of the "main issues" of the hajj: "The U.S. [the] number one enemy of humankind; the Soviet Union is an invader; and Israel should be wiped off the map."

The same day, the Iranian pilgrims marched through Medina in a "glorious demonstration."

shouting: "God is great and Khomeini is the leader. Death to America, death to the Soviet Union, death to criminal Israel."

At about the same time, Khomeini gathered the various threads of theology, ideology and wartime propaganda together and took them a step further. Addressing a group of servicemen and students, he began by warning against a rift between the armed forces and "the dear Revolutionary Guards."

He then went on to describe Iraqi President Saddam Hussein as a "shaken man" who could no longer save himself or be saved by foreign aid — either from the superpowers or "the deviant groups, even deviant persons" in the region (an allusion to Egyptian aid to Iraq).

There could be no peace with Saddam Hussein, he said, because "peace is something that has no value between Moslems and a group which does not believe in Islam... It means even less if the Islamic Government of Iran were to sit at a table to negotiate peace with a government which does not have faith in Islam... We will continue to strike this paralytic being [the Iraqi regime in the nape of the neck... until that which is under oppression is retrieved... We wish to chop off his hand. The accursed... Aflaqite party must be completely destroyed."

"Aflaqite party" was a reference to Michel Aflaq, one of the founders of the original Ba'ath and the chief ideologue of its early years. A Syrian by birth, he nevertheless sided with what became the Iraqi Ba'ath after the great party splits of the '60s and today resides in Baghdad. Now over 70, he is much honoured there as a living symbol of party legitimacy, but is utterly without influence.

Why does Tehran call the party after him? Because he is a Christian (a Greek Orthodox). The listener is left to infer that a regime which allows a Christian to act as its mentor thereby attests, by its own choice, to its un-Islamic character.

IF SUCH a creed is to remain credible for any length of time, it must be acted upon, and seen to be acted upon — not only in the "old" context of war.

No doubt a major reason for sending the Iranian contingent via Damascus to Baalbek was to make a gesture of political and moral support to Syria in return for the latter's support of Iran in the war. (Syria's extremely important participation in economic warfare against Iraq has been mentioned above.)

But in equal measure it was sent out to demonstrate that Islamic revolutionary ideology was not mere talk: that Shi'as everywhere were one, and that "Zionism" was a real, not just a rhetorical, enemy.

If Iraq was an enemy because it listened to the ideological guidance of a Christian, surely Lebanon's Christian president, who aspires to rule over (i.e. oppress) Moslems — Sunnis and Shi'as alike — must be fought as well. If the war can only be sustained for the long haul if people at the home-front firmly believe that peace "has no value" except with "governments having faith in Islam" (in Khomeini's version of it, that is), then the universality of such truths must, from time to time, be proved in action. It is in that sense that Lebanon is Khomeini's second front.

The author is a senior research associate at Tel Aviv University's Shiloah Centre for Middle Eastern Studies, and one of the editors of the centre's yearbook of Middle East affairs.

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM 27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361 October 1-8

EXHIBITIONS

HENRY CARTIER — BRESSON — PHOTOGRAPHER
About a hundred and fifty photographs by one of the major photographers of the century which constitute a representative selection and a summation of nearly fifty years of photography. The exhibition is presented in cooperation with the International Center of Photography, New York, and was made possible by a grant from the American Express Foundation.

PICASSO: SUITE VOLLARD

A series of one hundred prints (1930-1937) by Picasso which deal with several themes. The Circus, The Bull-Fight, The Female Nude, The Minotaur and others from the collection of the Israel Museum, Jerusalem. Gift of Mr. Isidore M. Cohen, New York.

A.R. PENCK: EXPEDITION TO THE HOLY LAND, A graphic portfolio

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DANCE
DANCE AND SO FORTH. Dance Theatre from Frankfurt. Modern dance with recited texts Tuesday, 4.10. at 8.30 p.m.

CINEMA

Regularly
YOL (The Way) (Turkey, 1982, 111 min., in colour, Hebrew and English subtitles). Awarded the Golden Palm and the International Critics' Prize, Cannes 1982. Daily at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.

Visiting hours: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday closed. Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m. 7-10 p.m. Box Office: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Saturday 7-10 p.m.; Helena Rubinstein Art Library: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Tuesday, Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-8 p.m.; Circulating Exhibits (loan): Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Tuesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.; Graphics Study Room: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; Sales desk: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-8 p.m.; Saturday 7-10 p.m. Information desk and Box Office Tel. 261287.

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ALL REVOLUTIONS strive for a permanent rupture, a discontinuity in the societal structure and, above all, in the collective mentality of the people. Few really succeed, as the examples of the French and the Russian revolutions show. While the societal structure may be broken beyond repair, the collective mentality is more resistant to manipulation. The Zionist revolution, as some apologists of Zionism have come to call the establishment of the State of Israel, succeeded more than others in effecting a radical rupture in the mentality of the Jews, the people it meant to benefit.

A success in its own right, this rupture has not been without problems. One of them lies in the growing need for Zionist ideology to draw its legitimacy from the past it has been organically committed to supplant. Another, more serious, problem has to do with the collective identity of Israeli Jews. Should they live up to the image of a frontier nation facing hostile savages? Should they be a light unto the nations? Should they carry "the white man's burden" and civilize them? Should Israel's Jews live in accordance with the divine commandments and build a society based on Torah? Or should they simply become "normal" and live like the nations of the world?

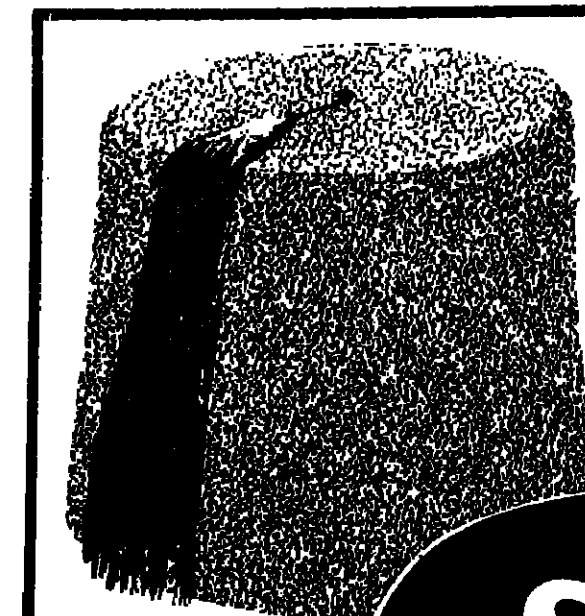
These and many other options found their way into the complex Zionist ideology, while the historical experience of the last century in the Land of Israel introduced its own corrections. As a result, today's Israelis find themselves polarized along two main axes: religious and secular, and Ashkenazi and Sephardi. The recent Lebanese war has also aggravated the division between doves and hawks, although this division may be transient and therefore less pertinent to the deeper identity problem.

The issue of identity transcends the individual Israeli. It casts doubt on the legitimacy of Israel's political and social institutions. Ever more overtly the question is being asked: Is the Western-style democracy currently practised in Israel more legitimate than the more traditional (and less democratic) modes of government; e.g. those discussed in the Talmudic treatise *Sanhedrin*?

Such a formulation of this question, however tempting, appears to me misleading and unnecessarily explosive. One does not jump over 15 centuries of historical evolution in search of a practical solution. One tries instead to understand that evolution in the hope of finding it instructive for shaping today's life. Understanding how modernity was perceived in various Jewish communities may be particularly useful for this purpose.

THE ZIONIST revolution was a distinctly European phenomenon. Conceived by partly assimilated Jews who were either ashamed or already ignorant of Jewish continuity, Zionist ideology reflected the dominant revolutionary currents of 19th century Europe: nationalism and socialism. It is predicated on the dissection of historical Judaism into a religion and an ethnicity, a dissection conceivable only in the conditions prevailing in Christian countries.

The reduction of European Judaism into a religion was effected in the first half of the 19th century and accepted, at least *de facto*, by both warring factions among the Jews: the proponents of emancipation and its opponents, later to be



Artificial separations, such as the one between 'religious' and 'secular,' are foreign to the Jewish people. They are also a cause of many of Israel's long-range problems, writes YAKOV M. RABKIN.

Split identity

known as the Orthodox. During the rest of the 19th century this dichotomy existed throughout Eastern Europe, and, to a lesser degree, in the Jewish communities in the countries affected by the European powers, particularly France's political and cultural expansion.

The European idea of the separation of church and state found its counterpart in the division between "religious" and "secular" Jews in most European communities. It was precisely on this division that the Zionist ideology was based: a "national," usually "secular," identity of the new Jew, a Hebrew, a Canaanite, was to be the cornerstone of the realization of the Zionist revolution. And to a large extent it has been.

Imbued with positivism and scientism, Zionist ideology succeeded in forming a society of partly Westernized European Jews in Palestine. Non-European Jews who arrived in Israel in the 1940s and '50s and today (along with their descendants) constitute a majority in this country, were bewildered by the "absorbing" society's methods. The new society's concepts corresponded to little in their own cultural heritage. The new immigrants were turned into *edot ha-ntzav* or Oriental communities, as if in contradistinction to "the people" — who were meant to be anything but Oriental. They were being "civilized" and "cultured" by the old-time Zionists. It had never occurred to the "absorbers" that in their desire to appear Western they had even distorted geography: was Poland or Rumania really west of Morocco, Libya or Tunisia?

FROM THE DDT sprayed over their heads upon arrival in the Promised Land to the encounter with the new "secular" Jew and his self-righteously civilizing institutions, the non-Ashkenazi was deeply humiliated. One of Molière's

heroes woke up to discover he was writing prose all his life. The non-Ashkenazi had to wake up in Israel to realize that he never had culture in his life. Neither Alfasi nor Ben Ish Hai was part of the Culture, which consisted of Trumpeldor, Bialik, Borochov and many others whose names meant nothing to the newcomers.

Some of the results of the diffusion of this new culture are known. The new one did not quite substitute for tradition, but the latter was successfully undermined. High delinquency rates, the cultural adulteration of even the more traditional communities, and the increasing breakdown of familial structures are part of the account that remains to be settled.

I do not mean empty vindication but a reappraisal of the basic cultural and conceptual inconsistencies of today's Israeli society. When, two years ago, the history of Zionism was shown on television (in a series significantly called *The Pillar of Fire*), it was only natural that non-European Jews would be practically excluded from the narrative. At that time, some organization of non-European Jews protested against the alleged discrimination.

A more serious question could have been raised in this respect: Why does the non-European majority of Israeli Jews have to live the specific historical problems that European Zionists brought with them to Palestine and cemented in the societal structures of the State of Israel?

My argument is not a call for a retreat to the supposedly idyllic past of the *melah* or the *shet*; it is not a nostalgic invitation to abandon the present for the pre-modern times. It is, rather, an invitation to rethink the conceptual framework of our Israeli reality, to identify its problems and to seek for solutions more compatible with our present population and its traditions. One

such problem, already alluded to, is that of the Jewish religion.

THE TERM religion (or *dat* in Hebrew) is a neologism in its current usage. In fact, the concept of religion, separate or separable from other human activities, is alien to both Judaism and Islam. It was only in the 19th century, under the influence of Christian civilization, that the corresponding usages emerged in both Hebrew and Arabic.

"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's" is an idea of great significance for Christianity which made its way to Judaism and Islam only 100 years ago. Moreover, its way to Judaism was made mainly in Christian countries.

For Jews from the Islamic world the reduction of Judaism into a religion, into a partial identity, and the emergence of two antagonistic camps of "religious" and "secular" Jews engaged in a *kulturkampf*, represent a foreign phenomenon which most of them only had to face upon their immigration to Israel. Yet, this very split between the religious and the secular is one of the bases of today's Israel and a significant source of its long-range internal problems.

The triumph of Zionism appeared as a victory for the legitimacy of the secular Jew. Several thousand years of Jewish history were conveniently written off as an instrumentality indispensable for the preservation of the Jewish nation. As the nation had been reborn within its old-new borders, the role of Judaism was no longer deemed instrumental.

In fact, the frontal attack on Judaism, particularly common in the early years of the state, was nothing but a continuation of the ideological battles engendered several decades before in Europe. The massive departure of emancipated Jews from the traditional communities in 19th century

Europe was a traumatic event which profoundly marked the world-view and the institutions of Ashkenazi Jewry. Many leaders of the communities were pushed into a — literally — reactionary posture; they had to assimilate their institutions and their conceptual tools to suit the aggressively liberalizing environment of Western and Central Europe.

That posture is to a large extent still typical of the "religious" establishment of Israel. The institutionalization of "religious" schools, "religious" parties, etc., was nothing more than a means of defence devised for the European, i.e. conceptually Christian, environment.

THE CONCEPTUAL inadequacy of contemporary Israeli institutions is striking. The very entry of a new citizen into Israeli society exposes that inadequacy. After my daughter was born in Jerusalem in 1980, she was given a birth certificate that indicated: *leumi: yehudi, dat: yehudi* (ethnicity or nationality: Jewish; religion: Jewish).

That conceptual division was, of course, not unknown to me. I had spent the first 28 years of my life carrying a Soviet identity card which reminded me that I was of "Jewish nationality." So the origins of that division into nationality and religion were anything but puzzling. However, the usage of such concepts in Israel (not in the USSR, which many Zionist founding fathers used to consider their real ideological motherland) is not only puzzling but senseless. These concepts are un-Jewish, both historically and analytically, and they serve no conceivable purpose, even for the secular Jew.

During a visit to a left-wing kibbutz in the Negev, I found myself engaged in an agreeable conversation with a couple of French Jews. They had been members of the kibbutz for over a decade. Yet their interests were still to a certain extent French, and we eventually ended up talking about Cardinal Lustiger.

"He is dangerous," remarked my hosts, who had grown up in a non-traditional Jewish home in Poland. "He tries to work among Jews."

"So what?" I said. "If he lived in Israel, his identity card would say 'nationality: Jewish; religion: Christian.' Have you become defenders of the Jewish religion by any chance?"

We had to drop the subject or drop the irrelevant Western concepts. Alas, we did the former.

One must remember that this country was largely founded and built by what I would term frustrated Westerners. Having rebelled against their parents' tradition, and being enchanted by the notions of socialism and progress, the founding fathers of Zionism brought with them a veneration of Western culture. This veneration was usually accompanied by an inferiority complex. "I hate the Arabs because they resemble the Sephardis," one of the spiritual leaders of the Zionist Israel, Chaim Nachman Bialik, reportedly said. The fear of being identified with the Orientals is reminiscent of the German Jews' attitude towards the "uncultured" *Ost-Juden* who flooded into Germany from Poland earlier this century.

THE EARLY Zionists believed in Come, in Marx, in Darwin. They, and particularly their children, who did not inherit the parents' Zionist fervour, were building a "Western

country," an island of civilization in the ocean of Levantine ignorance. None of these new leaders actually came from a Western country. At best, they had sojourned in the West for a number of years during their adult lives and had been impressed by the grandeur. (Prior to the Holocaust, the glamorous West used to mean Germany or England; now it is incontestably the United States.)

The spell of the West (or of the East for that matter) only works on those who have never been part of it. The Israeli Westerners have been inspired by very fragmented, incomplete images of the West which they deemed useful in the building of the new state. These Westerners came mostly from Eastern Europe, and the more frustrated they themselves felt vis-à-vis the West, the more zealous they were to "civilize the Orientals." While much of the Western world goes through an intensive soul-searching, the enthusiastic Westerners in Israel may be the last group in the world so religiously committed to the defence and propagation of Western civilization.

Some would simply call it provinciality. Whatever the appellation, the harm done to the collective identity of Israelis by this persistent Westernizing trend is difficult to overestimate. The alienation and cultural deprivation of many non-Ashkenazi Jews in Israel can be palliated neither by political resuscitation of selected items of Moroccan folklore (e.g. the *mimouna*) nor by such a patently American remedy as school busing.

When children of non-Ashkenazi origin are bused to supposedly better schools in more affluent neighbourhoods, they continue to be taught in a quasi-Western mode. Israeli schools perpetuate the provincial Westernization which largely characterizes our society; they succeed in conveying a new vocabulary without conveying a new identity.

Rendering our school system more Jewish (not necessarily more religious) is a task that awaits the application of non-Ashkenazi, less traumatized Jewish traditions. Then the majority of our children may be spared the cultural inferiority complex which Israel's partly Westernized elites often show with respect to the West.

I do not claim that a Jewish or a non-Ashkenazi chemistry is any different from the chemistry one teaches elsewhere nowadays. (The infamous histories of proletarian and Aryan science in the 20th century should make us know better.) But the place and the role of science have always been defined in culturally specific terms.

The Israeli educational system reflects the European spirit of the last century. The slogan of science versus religion accompanied the spread of modern science at the time Zionism was gathering momentum in Europe. No wonder, then, that these ideas became the ideological basis of the secular educational system in Israel which, in turn, triggered a reaction from the religious leaders.

Not only were the religious students separated from the secular, but also the "holy" subjects within the curricula of the religious schools were divorced from the "profane" ones.

This transposition of European ideas into Israel creates a severe segregationist impact on the entire fabric of Israeli social and political institutions. It also defies the common-sense understanding of what

"holy" and "profane" have come to mean. For example, is a chemical study of the origins of the universe any less holy than the meticulous analysis one finds in the Talmudic treatise *Baba Batra*, on how to divide a common courtyard? Obviously, these categories of holy and profane are at variance with the tradition expounded by Jewish sages such as Maimonides.

I MENTION Maimonides because of the influence his writings have had on Yemenite Jewry, an important segment of Israel's non-Ashkenazi majority.

The traditional leaders of that community continue to espouse the idea of the unity of the world and of its cognition. Yemenite tradition, removed as it was from European influences, did not and does not see the study of nature as antithetical to, let alone exclusive of, the study of Torah. The two form a unified approach to the world which an educated Jew, within the framework of that tradition, should possess.

In fact, there is nothing particularly "Oriental" in that approach. Most Jewish thinkers (e.g. the Gaon of Vilna) professed the same belief in pre-emancipation Europe. In Europe that approach was changed to suit ideological goals in the secular-religious battle, while certain Jewish communities in the Moslem countries have kept it largely unadulterated and, therefore, more promising to Israeli society today.

If the carriers of that community's traditions are given a chance to contribute to the development of our educational system, to apply in practice the tradition of rationalism and critical analysis they brought with them to Israel, the entire country may stand to benefit.

All this amounts to a serious reassessment, a re-evaluation of the non-Ashkenazi heritage. This should be done not for the good of the "poor Orientals," not even for considerations of social justice, but for the positive reinvigoration of our society's collective identity.

The projection onto Israel of Central and Eastern European ideological patterns has been at best a qualified success. It was mainly successful in defence-related areas. The trauma of powerlessness in the face of emerging nationalist movements, including national-socialism, became an important common denominator for many Jews in Israel. The hostility of the surrounding Arab states further emphasized the importance of being able to defend oneself.

Thus, self-reliance, the spirit of improvisation, and insensitivity to the opinion of others were the values inculcated by the early Zionists in their offspring through the country's educational system. Responsibility to high authority, human or divine, was not part of the curriculum.

It was a reaction against the overly ethical upbringing characteristic of Jewish education in the pre-Zionist days. The new Zionist man was to be different; he was to be modelled after the heroes of European nationalisms, not after the sages of Jewish diasporas.

COMPARED to other societies, Israel still fares significantly better when it comes to the moral integrity and sensitivity of its population. Yet the more successful products of the Zionist pragmatic upbringing have come to horrify some Israelis and Diaspora Jews. Ariel Sharon is still



an exception; but he may have many emulators. It is particularly worrying that he personifies the traits one often finds among executives, many of whom, after running the army, now occupy key positions in Israeli society.

The Lebanese war not only emphasized the danger that such individuals may constitute for the future of Israel: the danger is deeply rooted in the practice and theory of Zionism. While the founding fathers of Zionism honestly tried to make the next generation moral and ethical, they were even more concerned about uprooting what they called the *galut* mentality. By successfully severing links with tradition, they rendered empty the secularized moral values they tried to teach to the new generation of Israelis.

These values were not taught as a part of the system of Judaism, but as some vague romantic principles derived from European belles-lettres and general philosophy, and only occasionally from the Bible. Disparate, unsystemized values, whatever their worth, are hard to transmit. However exciting they might have been to talk about, and live by, for the early Zionists, these values have left few durable traces today. That is the very definition of sterility.

THE GRAFTING of European ideological concepts of religion, nationality and secularism onto Jewish life in the Land of Israel encountered serious problems of viability. If the ideologized and traumatized European version of Judaism, i.e. Jewish religion, and its antithesis, Jewish secularism, are conceptually ill-equipped for formulating viable cultural options for today's Israel, can the Sephardi or the Yemenite varieties of Judaism be more successful?

Without undue glorification or idealization of the Orientals, it appears that their traditions still con-

tain elements of synthesis and harmony which were sacrificed in the heat of the intra-Jewish ideological battles waged in the last century's Europe.

Because of their distance from Christianity, the Sephardis' reaction to modernity did not follow the European pattern of reformation and counter-reformation. An analysis of the Egyptian rabbinical response of the last 100 years conducted by a fellow of the Hartman Institute in Jerusalem clearly showed important specificity of the non-Ashkenazi attitude to modernity.

Outside Europe, breaking up the community was deemed unthinkable, even for the preservation of the purity of Judaic observance, and various means were devised to keep the community at least partially united.

Different historical conditions never promoted among the Sephardis such revolutionary figures as Abraham Geiger or the Hatam Sofer. One should realize that the exigencies of the counter-reformation among 19th century European Jews made the founders of Orthodoxy no less innovators of the structure of Judaism than their ideological opponents in the Reform camp. A greater recourse to the less revolutionized non-Ashkenazi heritage of our people may bring about a greater degree of societal integration than the palliative measures attempted so far.

THE PROPOSED de-emphasis of Israel's identification with the West should steer clear of simplistic shortcuts. It may be emotionally appealing to do away with the freedom of press, with subsidies to philharmonic orchestras, or with the encroachment of American terms in the Israeli vocabulary. It may be symbolically important to make the *galabiyah* or the tunes of Fahlid legitimate as a part of mainstream Israel. It may be politically attractive to place more Moroccan or Yemenite Jews in public positions of high visibility.

But the step that needs to be taken is more drastic, albeit less spectacular: to bring Israel's societal and conceptual structures closer to her people's cultural continuity, to free them from the ideological debris dear to this country's shrinking East European élite.

For centuries Jewish cultures absorbed many cultural and philosophical attributes from surrounding civilizations without, however, sacrificing the essential structural features of its continuity. This tradition of distinguishing between attribute and essence could be useful in implementing the proposed "Levantineization." It should not threaten such attributes of Western civilization as modern science, political freedom and classical music. What should come under attack is the elevation of these and other Western features to the level of essential sources of Israeli identity. The growing estrangement of some Ashkenazi intellectuals from the "Beginist" Israeli indicates that such elevation has become commonplace, and that they feel more comfortable in Harvard Square than in Zion Square.

Although this programme may be long overdue, one should not expect it to be introduced by an act of the Knesset and implemented overnight. It ultimately deals with the kind of society we want to live in, and, quite naturally, there is no agreement on what Israel should be.

A better understanding of the European Jewish part and its imprint on our country may free Israeli society from its mania of appearing Western, and open it to the various non-European Jewish traditions. Israel's vocation may then become richer, more culturally specific than its present largely imitative role with respect to the West.

A possible side effect of the proposed de-emphasis of the commitment to Western cultural patterns may be an improvement in the quality of communication between Israel and her neighbours. An Israel less preoccupied with her place among the Western nations may be less of an irritant for the Arabs surrounding her. It does not follow that political relations should improve between them; the examples of Iran and Iraq, Iraq and Syria, Syria and Jordan, and Libya and almost everyone else in the world should warn against excessive optimism in this respect. I would not argue for a de-Occidentalization if placing our neighbours' cultural sensitivities were its only positive outcome.

Another, possibly more important, side effect has to do with Diaspora Jewry. A less West-oriented Israel may provide them with a more meaningful challenge, may attract more Jews from Western countries who, whatever their rhetoric, have shown remarkable indifference to the practical appeal of classical Zionist ideology.

I PROPOSE, then, to see the two fundamental polarizing divisions — Sephardi-Ashkenazi, and religious-secular — that stand in the way of greater cohesiveness in Israeli society, as two closely interrelated problems. In fact, they may be two facets of one and the same problem which has its roots in last century's European Jewish history, in the reduction of Judaism to a series of ideologically defined identities.

The debris of that crisis were then projected onto the Middle East as an important element of the Zionist revolution. One can hope to reduce these two main divisions in our society by seriously integrating various non-European Jewish traditions in the mainstream of Israeli life.

Partly adjusted to today's Israel and its European-type societal categories, these traditions are still lived, not only folklorically preserved, by a significant number of Israeli Jews.

This latter distinction is crucial since it largely explains my emphasis on non-European Jewish traditions. It is precisely because the non-Ashkenazi heritage has never been reduced to ideologies that it holds the promise of a greater and more authentic unity. By authentic I mean a unity based on a set of shared positive values, on concepts meaningful in the framework of our common history rather than based on a common rejection to an enemy, or on romantic nationalistic ideas borrowed from Europe.

Bridges, so desperately needed by our fragmented society, may thus be built of stones that have long lain neglected. Such a practical reassessment is feasible. It is neither utopian nor alien to our common heritage. Moreover, it seems to have been done before, at least once. As the author of Psalm 118 put it, "The stone which the builders scorned became the cornerstone."

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THE GREAT tragedy of the PLO was that it actually succeeded in setting up a sort of Palestinian state before it managed to fulfill the basic requirement of the struggle. Like the other liberation organizations, it became a ruling rather than a liberating body. The very basis of underground activity is contradicted by the need for stability, routine and orderliness in day-to-day government. The period of transition from underground activity to government is fraught with enormous difficulties, and many an underground organization is broken in the process. Underground leaders, during and unconventional, continue to act the way they did in the underground even after the movement has become a legally constituted government. In the PLO state in Southern Lebanon, a strange combination of underground movement and routine government came into being. The result was a pirate state.

When the Lebanese police stopped coming into Rashidiya and the local camp authorities also discontinued their activities, there was a sudden vacuum. Yesterday's authorities were gone, but there was no new police to replace them. By the very next day, the various Palestinian organizations had each started to form their own police.

At first they gave their attention to the internal problems of the camp but soon turned to the hunting of Israeli agents. There was a great deal of suspicion, since the Israeli planes dropped their bomb loads with surprising accuracy and it seemed as if there was nothing that happened in Rashidiya that the Israelis didn't know about.

That was when the arrests and torture began. Jails were opened, some of them in rooms prepared for the purpose and some in basements and cellars, the suspect being lowered into them at the end of a rope. Informing became an everyday matter. The number of police forces multiplied the ranks of informers and very many more suspects were arrested than previously, under the Lebanese government.

Azmi Zair, a former Jordanian army officer, was arrested in Jordan by agents of the PLO and was later appointed commander of the very prison camp where he himself had been held. He won the confidence of Yasser Arafat as an intelligence officer and head of a special investigation unit and was appointed commander of the Tyre area. There he joined forces with the head of the Tyre fishermen's association, a known smuggler, and together they made smuggling a big business. Zair's position in the port gave backing to the business and by the use of outright terror the two of them controlled trade in the entire city of Tyre. Zair was suspected of rape and murder in cold blood, but no one dared raise a voice.

THE PLO STATE enjoyed the lion's share of the generous funds that flowed into Rashidiya to be divided among the various organizations.

In the terrorist state no one could feel secure, not even in the physical sense. A trip to Beirut or to the eastern part of Lebanon was a dangerous affair. Any approach to one of the barricades was frightening: this feeling was not confined to the rank and file but affected the higher echelons as well.

If, in the capital of the PLO state, Beirut, Arafat was obliged to maintain heavy security and strict underground rules, this was all the

more true of the leaders in the south. It was essential for their survival, not only because of the long arm of the IDF and the Mossad, but also because of shorter arms that could come from almost anywhere — from a neighbouring Arab state, from the Lebanese Christians, or even from a rival Palestinian organization.

ALTHOUGH there was a central council in Beirut, headed by Arafat as commander of the largest of the Palestinian organizations, Beirut was a long way from Rashidiya and from time to time disputes arose — mostly over territory, since each organization controlled a particular section of the camp, and controlled it absolutely. Tension was especially high when elections were due.

Rashidiya was under the management of a Lebanese official whose orders were clear: no political organization. On the other hand, one of the first orders from Beirut after the Palestinian organizations took over was that there should be elections for a council to run municipal affairs at the camp. It did not take long for the residents to learn the cost of democracy. Every election took its toll of dead and wounded.

This sort of "democracy" proved to be a dangerous game, since it was not a ballot-box contest but a violent test of strength between antagonists. It was because of this that when the time came for the last elections before the Lebanon war, the residents themselves objected to them. It was agreed that the incumbent council would remain in office and the attempt at democratic government came to an end.

ONE OF THE bones of contention between the rival organizations was enlistment. There was brisk competition for recruits between the organizations. It was a contest without limits or laws, expressed in the ability to organize building crews and the construction of youth clubs. But most of all it found expression in pressure on the residents at the roadblocks. In the coffee houses and on the streets. Only a valid membership card in another organization afforded protection.

There were also fashions in membership, as one organization waxed strong and another waned, only to see the situation reversed after a time. Some organizations, including the PLO, allowed members to resign without prejudice, while others imposed severe sanctions and any member who left them was in danger. Those organizations, although they offered the highest salaries, had the hardest time enlisting members. Strangely enough, it was the left-oriented organizations that offered the highest salaries of all.

The struggle over the Palestinians gave birth to the *Fasda*. The struggle was not for the member's soul, but for his signature. Registration was what was important, and the time came when there was scarcely a resident in the camp who wasn't registered.

Finally the struggle shifted to the elderly and the youth. The age requirements were relaxed, and people at the end of their sixties were tempted to lie about their age. This was good for both sides: the organization acquired more members and therefore a bigger budget, and the family of the elderly member received a higher income.

Rashidiya knew the Palestinian revolution as the "end of the month revolution," referring to the date on which salaries were paid.

THE NUMBER of foreigners in the camp increased. There was an influx of Kurds, Turks, Pakistanis and even Europeans. The coffee house on the hill became their meeting place and notices in several languages adorned its walls. There weren't many Europeans, and the residents remember best a Norwegian couple, a doctor and a nurse who operated a clinic. They had a romantic picture of the Palestinians and their revolution — a picture that, needless to say, was not shared by the other foreigners.

Most of the foreigners were there for economic reasons. Two Turks told us how they had left Turkey by slipping across the border into Syria at Bab el-Hawa. They were caught by the Syrians, who offered to allow them to proceed to Lebanon if they would join the PLO. They were promised food, lodging and 650 Lebanese pounds a month. They were eventually sent to Rashidiya, where they were treated as second-class citizens.

Few Palestinians took pity on the foreigners in Rashidiya and invited them into their homes. They were unwelcome in the shops, since they saved their money and bought little. They looked unkempt and dirty. Their goal was not Palestine, which they had never seen and had no desire to see, but their homes in distant places.

Occasionally, Rashidiya was also visited by members of other underground movements, but their stay was usually short. They came for training and they usually stayed in the base and were rarely seen in town. Best remembered of these, even today, were the Kurds, since the revolutionary slogans they painted on walls are still visible.

THE PLO initiated three military drafts in Southern Lebanon, the first in 1976, the second in 1978, and the last and largest some weeks before Operation Peace for Galilee. The purpose of the drafts was to strengthen the militia, that is, the armed Palestinians, forming a kind of reserve. But these drafts angered the Rashidiya residents. The reserve duty interfered with the normal course of their lives.

The draft was organized not through call-up orders, but by pouncing on every man who crossed one of the barriers.

There was another method of call-up, and that was by way of the "revolutionary committees." Here, however, things were even worse, since the committees exempted the members of their own families or clans, and concentrated on rival clans for their quotas. Even the unlucky ones, however, found that when they did report for training, things were so disorganized that they could usually avoid it.

The response to these attempts at enlistment represented the attitude of the Palestinians to struggle ahead of them: but in Beirut the leaders clung to an optimistic and highly unrealistic picture of the situation. This distorted picture was a result of incorrect information. The PLO had good intelligence, and received detailed reports on the use of their money, the distribution of weapons and the construction of fortifications. These reports led them to believe in the progress of the revolutionary cause. The IDF captured complete communications systems that show just how excellent was the contact between Beirut and the southern area. But some of the reports were unreliable and painted a picture far more rosy than exact.



There were acts of individual bravery during the Israeli invasion, but the PLO did not conduct a 'war of popular liberation' in Southern Lebanon. This was mainly because there was no real military organization. ZVI LANIR and ELLES DOBRONSKI, in the third excerpt from their study of Rashidiya, examine the myth of a 'PLO army.'

Third and final excerpt from 'Meetings in Rashidiya: Anatomy of a Palestinian Community in Lebanon,' by Zvi Lanir and Elles Dobronski, soon to be published by Dvir, Tel Aviv. By arrangement with 'Davar.' Translated by D'vora Ben Shaul.

PLAYING AT WAR

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem
APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromne, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; King David, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman, Dawn Nadel, Isaac Weinstein, directed by Michael Schneider (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

DAVID BROZA — In his programme *The Woman With Me*, accompanied by 4 musicians, the show will be filmed by Feneal TV. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday and Monday at 9 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN, THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — By Moti Giladi, Entertainment programme with acting, dancing and singing. (Gerard Behar Municipal Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

GOLDEN GUITAR — Shmuel Aharon plays classical and flamenco pieces tomorrow and Tuesday. Haim Barla plays classical, jazz and Israeli folk pieces on Wednesday and Thursday. (Zurba the Buddha, 9 Yot Salomon, at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel dances. Paganus Taiman folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Fred Weisgal, piano, Eric Heller, bass, Saul Glickstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nablis Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

JEWISH AND ARAB FOLKLORE — Tabarin folkdancers, folk-singers, Khalifa drummers. (YAF'A, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JEWISH FOLK AND ROCK — Concert with the former Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Israel Center, 10 Straus, tomorrow night)

LOS PARA GROUP — With Isabel and Angel Pina. Spanish music, folklore and South American songs. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

American songs (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

PROTEST SONGS — By the Katamonim Group (Tzavta, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Hilton, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

DANNY BEN-ISRAELI — Song we loved. Astoria Hotel, poolside, Thursday at 9 p.m.

EPHRAIM SHAMIR — Programme of songs. (Bat Dor, tonight at 10 p.m.)

LOS PARA GROUP — Spanish music, folklore and South American songs. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

TONIGHT SHOW — Presented by Barry Longford. Evening of international entertainment and interviews. Special guest, Leonard Graves. (Hilton, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa
LOS PARA GROUP — (Haifa Auditorium, Monday at 9 p.m.)

Other Towns
CAFE CONCERTO — Light classical music by various performers daily. (Sharon Hotel, Herzliya, lobby, today at 4 p.m. — 6 p.m., Tuesday 5 p.m. — 7.30 p.m.; all other days 5 p.m. — 7 p.m.)

DAVID BROZA — Programme of songs. (Nazareth, Upper, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN, THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — (Kfar Saba, Amal, tonight at 10 p.m.)

GILA ALMAGOR — Programme of songs. (Hadera, tonight at 9 p.m.)

HANOCH ROSENFE — Pantomime. (Tzavta, Rishon LeZion, tonight at 10 p.m.)

LOS PARA GROUP — (Beersheba Conservatorium, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — By Brecht. Produced by the Beersheba Municipal Theatre. Directed by Micha Levinson. About a soldier who returns home to Berlin during W.W.I. (Gerard Behar Centre, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.) Performance preceded by cabaret songs.

ICARDS — Puppet theatre based on the story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, about a mythological dream. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

LATE DIVORCE — By A.B. Yehoshua. Directed by Nola Chilton. A Neve Zedek Yuvai Theatre production. The relationship between members of an Israeli family in the Eighties. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE — By Brecht. Cameri theatre production. (Cameri, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

CRAZY TEACHER — Produced by the Beit Lessin Theatre. (Beit Lessin, tonight at 9.30 p.m.; Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

GOOD — By C.P. Taylor. Cameri production, directed by Ilan Ronen. (Cameri, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m. Translation into English on Thursday.)

THE IDIOT — Detective comedy produced by the Lilith Theatre. (Beit Hanayal, tomorrow through Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

MUTINY — Based on the story by Yehoshua Shtet. Directed by Nola Chilton. About the seamen's big 1951 strike for democratic representation. (Beit Lessin, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

PILOTS — Events in the lives of pilots after the occurrence of a dramatic event. Produced by the Neve Zedek Theatre Group. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE RUBBER MERCHANTS — Written and directed by Hanoeh Levin. A Cameri Theatre production. About a triangle between 2 men and a woman. (Tzavta, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa
THE SUITCASE PACKERS — A light comedy by Hanoeh Levin. A Cameri Theatre production. (Haifa Theatre, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other towns
DRUMS IN THE NIGHT — See Jerusalem for details. (Beersheba Theatre, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

IDENTITY CARD — Directed by Tzadi Tzafati. About the life of Israeli singer Avi Tchebavsky. (Kiryat Yam, Nitzan, tonight at 10 p.m.; Yifat, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

KING LEAR — A Beersheba Municipal Theatre Production. Directed by Dino Tchebavsky. (Beersheba, Municipal Theatre, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MUTINY — (Rahovot: Wik. Auditorium, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)



David Broza, whose 'The Woman With Me' road show continues to pack houses from Metulla to Elitz. (Rosenfeld)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem
FLUTE AND PIANO CONCERT — With Roman Liban, flute; Anat Sharon, piano. Works by J.S. Bach, C.P.E. Bach and Prokofiev. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Zubin Mehta. Solist Alfred Brendel, piano. Programme — Tel: Symphony No.2; Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.4; Schumann: Symphony No.2. (Binyanei Ha'uma, tomorrow)

CHURCH CONCERT — Juliana Glueck, soprano and Eli Freud, organ. Works by Bach, Handel and Mozart. (Finnish Church, 25 Shilvit Israel, tomorrow)

FROM MOZART TO PREMIERES — Conductor and pianist, Jean Bernard Pommerat. Programme — Mozart: Symphony No.33, K.319; Lukas Foss: Solo observed; Ron Collum: New work; Mozart: Concerto for 2 Pianos in E-Flat Major K.365. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday afternoon)

PNINA SALZMAN — PIANO RECITAL — Programme — Chopin: Polonaise-Fantaisie; Nocturne; Mazurkas; Andante Spianato et

Tel Aviv area
TWO PIANO RECITALS — With Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir. Programme — Debussy: Suite, in blanc et noir; Ravel: Rhapsodie Espagnole; Debussy: F&es; Scriabin: Le Sacre du Printemps. (YMCA Auditorium, Sunday)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conducted by Zubin Mehta. Solist Alfred Brendel, piano. Programme — Schumann: Manfred Overture; Schoenberg: Piano Concerto; Mozart: Piano Concerto K. 466; Tchaikovsky: Francesca da Rimini. (Mann Auditorium, Sunday, Monday)

Haifa
ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Details as per Tel Aviv. (Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday)

FROM MOZART TO PREMIERES — Programme as per Tel Aviv. (Haifa, Sunday afternoon)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem
AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM — Puppet theatre for all ages by Michael Schuster. About the search for the holy water of peace in Jerusalem. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 2 p.m.). Plus course for ages 7-14: Learning about, and caring for animals. Tel. 02-814823.

THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW — Puppet theatre for ages 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area
FAMILY FUN — Including tricks by chimpanzees, dolphins, and sea lions, puppet theatre, clowns, cartoons and more. (Dolphinarium, Charles Clore Park, today at 10 a.m. and 12 p.m.; other days at 10 a.m., 12 p.m. and 5 p.m.)

PANTOMIME THEATRE — With Yoram Buker and his group. (Beit Lessin, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

WALKING TOURS

Jerusalem
Jerusalem through the Ages — Sunday and Tuesday 9.30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. — The Citadel, Jewish Quarter, Old Yishuv Court Museum, reconstructed Sephardi Synagogues, Western Wall.

Sunday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. — The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday at 2 p.m. — The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. — The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3.4 hours. Tickets may be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.

Daily at 9 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 2 p.m. — Jewish Quarter archaeological and historical tour. Meet at Curio Information Booth, Jewish Quarter.

Sunday through Thursday at 9.30 a.m. — Temple Mount Seminar, from First Temple period to the present. Meet at Curio information booth, Jewish Quarter.

Other towns
Daily expeditions to old Jewish quarter of Safed, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067-30448.

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

For last-minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.

هكذا من الأصل

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1

Revs 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067
Fri, Sept. 10
Double feature ticket:
1. As the As 2.30
Enigma 4.30
Sun, Oct. 1
Young Doctors in Love 7.30, 9.30
Sun, Oct. 2
Double feature ticket:
1. As the As 2.30
Enigma 4.30
Mon, Oct. 3
Triple feature ticket:
First Blood 6.30
Mad Max 1 8
Mad Max 2 9.30
Tue, Oct. 4
Triple feature ticket:
First Blood 6.30
Mad Max 1 8
Mad Max 2 9.30
Wed, Oct. 5
La Pivante de Saint Souci 7
Hercule 9
Thur, Oct. 6
Marble Man 6.45
La Pivante de Saint Souci 9.15

EDEN

2nd week
FAST ONE ON THE WORLD
Sat. 7, 9; weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON

3rd week
TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS
Sat. 7, 9; Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRAH

2nd week
NOW AND FOREVER
Sat. 7, 9; Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun., Mon., Wed., 1.30
E.T.
Tue, 6, 8.30
BRING TIENE

KFIR

3rd week
FLASH DANCE
Sat. 7, 9; Weekdays 4, 7, 9

MITCHELL

5th week
BREATHLESS
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

ORGIL

5th week
DODES KA-DEN
Weekdays 9
10.30 a.m. (15100 per ticket): 4, 7
THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER

ORION

Tel. 222914
5th week
MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
Adults only
Sat. 6.30, 9
Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

ORNA

Tel. 224733
4th week
New type of adventure film
SUPERMAN III
CHRISTOPHER REEVES
RICHARD PRYOR
Sat. 6.45, 9; weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

RON

2nd week
FINALS
Sat. 7, 9; weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR

3rd week

MISSING

JACK LEMMON
CINCY SPACEK
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

SMALL AUDITORIUM

BINYENET HA'UNIA

3rd week

PAULINE A LA PLAGE

Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

Israel premiere

HEAT AND DUST

The Great London hit

based on the novel

by Ruth Praver Jhabvala

JULIE CHRISTIE

CRISTA SICACCHI

SHASHI KAPOOR

Tonight 10

Sat. and weekdays 7.10, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA

2nd week

NOW AND FOREVER

Tonight 10, 12; Sat. 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

6th week

Sun. 1 only: Mon. 1 and 8.30

TELL ME A RIDDLE

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE

Advance ticket sales only at box office from 11 a.m.

CHEN 1

9th week

BLUE THUNDER

Tonight 9.30, 12.10

Sat. 7, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

2nd week

STAR WARS

Today 11 a.m. 2

Sat. 11, 4.30

CHEN 2

9th week

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

Tonight 9.30, 12.10

Sat. 7, 9.40

Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.40

2nd week

RETURN OF THE JEDI

Today 11, 2

Sat. 11, 4.30

CHEN 3

21st week

SOPHIE'S CHOICE

Tonight 10

Sat. and weekdays 6.40, 9.30

EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

Today 11, 2; Sat. 11, 4.30

STAR WARS

Weekdays 4.10

CHEN 4

9th week

CANNERY ROW

Tonight 9.30, 12.15

Sat. and weekdays 7.05, 9.30

Tue., Thur. 7.05, 9.30

EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

Tonight 11, 2; Sat. 11, 4.30

Weekdays 10.20, 1.30, 4.30

CHEN 5

12th week

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER

Today 11, 2, 10, 12.15

Sat. 11, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 10.30, 1.30, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA ONE

POPCORN AND ICE CREAM

* TZAHY NOV

Tonight 10

Sat. 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEKEL

5th week

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

Tonight 10

Sat. 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN

Sat. and weekdays 7.15

BEAST MASTER

Sat. and weekdays 9.30

Tonight 10

OCTOPUSSY

Sat. and weekdays midnight

Sex Film

ESTHER

Tel. 223610

5th week

Sat. 7, 9.30

Weekdays 4.15, 7, 9.30

SUPERMAN III

GAT

4th week

MY FAVORITE YEAR

* PETER O'TOOLE

JESSICA HARPER

MARK LYN BARKER

Sat. 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

NEW CINEMA

GORDON

BEN YEHUDA 87, Tel. 244373

7th week

ANOTHER WAY

Sat. 7.30, 9.30

Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

English subtitles

HOD

6th week

BREATHLESS

* RICHARD GERE

Tonight 10; Sat. 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV I

Dizengoff Center

6th week

288863

THE YEAR OF THE LIVING DEAD

Sat. 7.45, 9.30

Weekdays 2, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEV II

Dizengoff Center

Tel. 288868

DAY OF ZINC

Sat. 7.45, 9.30

Weekdays 2, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LIMOR

2nd week

TOURISTS' TRAP

"Candid Camera" throughout the world

Tonight 10, 12

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM

5th week

Sat. 9.30

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HOW TO DRIVE GIRLS CRAZY

MOGRABI

2nd week

TOOTSIE

Tonight 10; Sat. 7, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

ONLY

9th week

TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS

4th week

TICKET TO HEAVEN

Sat. 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

PEER

Israel Premiere

DUET FOR FOUR

New Israeli film

Screenplay by David Williamson

("Don't Panic")

* MIKE PRESTON

SHAHAF

3rd week

Tonight 8.45, 10.30, 12.30

Sat. 7.15, 9.15, 11

Weekdays 4.15, 7.15, 9.30

FLASHDANCE

Sat. 11 a.m.

OLIVER TWIST

STUDIO

9th week

TABLE FOR FIVE

Tonight 10; Sat. 7, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

TCHLET

2nd week

DRAGON SLAYER

Sat. 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

13th week

YOL

Winners of "Golden Palm" Cannes, 1982

Film by Yilmaz Guney

Sat. 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TEL AVIV

Israel Premiere

Tonight at 10

Sat. 7.15, 9.30

Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

MORIAH

14th week

TOOTSIE

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

ORAH

5th week

BLUE THUNDER

* ROY SCHIEDER

MALCOLM McDOWELL

CINDY CLARK

Sat. 6.30, 9

Weekdays 4, 6.30, 9

ORION

COMPANY OF WOMEN

6 nonstop performances

Adults only

ONLY

FRANCES

Sat. 6, 9; weekdays 6, 9

PEER

2nd week

FLASH DANCE

Sat. 6.45, 9

Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

RON

2nd week

First time in Israel

Supervision 3-D

TREASURE OF THE FOUR CROWNS

Sat. 6.45, 9; Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT

DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT

Sat. and weekdays 6.45, 9

LAST WEEK, as I was consulting my companion as to where we should go out to eat, she commented on the fact that more and more people seem to be unable to eat in restaurants for budgetary reasons.

She would not go so far as to suggest that I stop reviewing restaurants altogether, but she did suggest that for a change I write about cooking at home.

"That's all well and good," said I, "but what can I write about?" Here she was less helpful, leaving me to stew in the problem by myself. Finally, just as I do when all other ideas about what to make fail me, I chose chicken.

After all, the bird is very versatile, most people like it; doctors tell us it's good for us, with little cholesterol; and while not dirt cheap, it's hardly a luxury.

The problem comes in, as I do, you buy frozen chickens in the supermarket and defrost them to find they are covered with feathers. Tweezers help, as does singeing the bird over a gas flame. For the latter, simply turn the flame up and grip the fowl by a leg or wing. Even pin-feathers come out more easily after a thorough singeing.

Another problem is the excess salinity of the ready-kashered chickens, and a slight barnyard aroma. Both of these can be eliminated by soaking the chicken in water to which about half a cup of vinegar has been added. The vinegar taste does not remain after the chicken is cooked, but it does improve both the flavour and the appearance of the fowl.

Finally, remember to pull off the globules of fat around the rear end

of the bird. These may be refrozen and saved to make schmaltz. If you don't want the hothot, give them to the lady upstairs. She'll be eternally grateful.

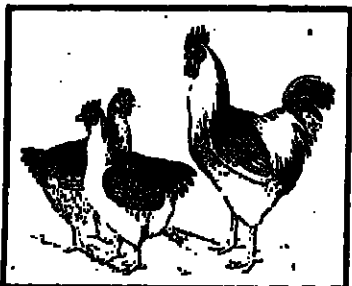
AS FOR cooking the bird, the methods run from very easy to relatively easy. The most basic, and far from the worst system, is to put the whole chicken in a large baking dish surrounded by raw, peeled potatoes, cut into large chunks. For seasoning, stick a few cloves of garlic and a few branches of rosemary inside the chicken.

Salt the potatoes and bake in a medium high oven for an hour or more, basting the potatoes occasionally with the juices from the chicken. Nothing could be easier or more delicious. This is especially good with a very large chicken, of over one and a half kilos, which can then be carved to serve six to eight people.

For those who like to make work for themselves, it is always possible to stuff the chicken. My favourite mixture is dry breadcrumbs, chopped onion, a little sage or marjoram, and a chopped apple. Pack the stomach cavity and tie up the bird with a cotton (not plastic) string. Tie both wings and legs close to the body to keep the juices in, and bake for about two hours.

THEN THERE ARE the various stewed chicken recipes that go under fancy names: coq au vin, paprikash, cacciatore, marengo. What they have in common is the fact that a chicken, cut into pieces and surrounded with sauce and perhaps a few vegetables, will serve a lot more people than a plain bird.

Fowl play



MATTERS OF TASTE
Haim Shaprio

They also share the method of cooking in which the chicken is first browned and then slowly simmered with the other ingredients. Perhaps the most important thing to remember here, especially if you are using a plump, old bird, is to pour off the fat after the browning process. Otherwise you will come up with poulet à la grease.

I would be less than honest if I didn't admit at this point that what I put into such a dish depends upon what is lying around in the fridge or the cupboard. Half a bottle of leftover red wine will result in coq au vin, a white wine in a white sauce. At this time of year, with plenty of ripe tomatoes, it is likely to be the kind of sauce that leaves an indelible red stain on a white shirt.

FOR JUST ONE example of such a dish, chicken in white wine, cut a large bird into at least eight pieces. In a large, heavy pot, brown the chicken with a few cloves of garlic. Once the chicken is well browned on all sides, pour off the fat.

Add chopped onion, celery, carrots and, if you like, mushrooms. If fresh mushrooms are unavailable, try using dried ones, which add a wonderful flavour. Cover the pot and cook the vegetables and chicken, without adding any liquid, for about 15 minutes.

At this point you may, if you like, add a tablespoon or two of flour. This will give you a thick sauce, if you like that sort of thing. Mix the flour in well with the chicken and vegetables.

Now pour in about half a bottle of white wine and a cup or two of chicken soup, from a cube if necessary. Season with white pepper, a little grated nutmeg and, if you have it, a bit of tarragon.

Let the chicken simmer for at least an hour, until meat and vegetables are tender. This is, of course, a dish which can easily be made a day or two before it is to be served.

FINALLY, I would be remiss in my duty if I did not mention Chinese stir-fried chicken. Here, of course, the chicken is boned, and most of us will find it easier to use the chicken breast (popularly known as chicken schnitzel) available in supermarkets.

Cut half a kilo of chicken into bite-sized pieces and mix them with the white of an egg, a few tablespoons of wine (I use hock for Chinese cooking), and half a tea-

spoon of ground ginger. Allow this to sit for at least a half hour. Just before cooking, mix in a tablespoon of cornstarch.

Deep fry the chicken — in a wok if possible — in very hot oil just long enough for it to turn white. This means that almost as soon as you put it in, you will be taking it out to drain in a strainer or colander.

Pour off almost all the oil (you can refrigerate it and use it again). In the little that is left, fry two or three green onions, cut into bite-size lengths, and a piece of fresh or reconstituted ginger, thinly sliced. (To reconstitute dried ginger, soak it in white wine overnight or longer.)

When your kitchen begins to be filled with overpowering celestial aromas, add the chicken and any vegetable you like, such as Chinese cabbage, broccoli, peas, mushrooms, carrots, bean sprouts or squash, or a combination of any of these. If you want to be very fancy, try toasted walnuts or cashew nuts.

Fry over a high flame, stirring constantly, and season with half a teaspoon each of salt and sugar and a little wine.

At the very end, when the vegetables are just done, add a tablespoon of cornstarch dissolved in cold water. Continue cooking just long enough for the cornstarch to thicken the mixture, and serve with steamed rice.

Here, too, I must admit that often, rather than deep-frying specially prepared deep-fried chicken, I simply use a cup or two of boned leftover roast or boiled chicken. It doesn't look quite as grand, but it tastes almost as good.

Spell of silence



Musicians meet, at Beit Daniel's summer seminar.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Eli Karev

DURING THE last week of July, a stimulating five-day course on Beethoven's piano sonatas was held at Zichron Ya'akov's Beit Daniel. The event, organized by Jerusalem piano teacher Leonie Reuben and conducted by Roger Kamien, the Zubin Mehta Professor of Musicology at the Hebrew University, brought some 30 musicians, teachers and music-lovers to a unique spot on the cultural map of Israel.

Surrounded by spacious lawns and woods, and commanding a hill-top view of the Mediterranean, Beit Daniel owes much of its atmosphere to the human factors that brought about its creation. The story of the place embraces enlightened Zionism, material wealth and personal devotion, idealism and tragedy. Music, too, plays a central role in it.

The time may not yet be ripe for this story to be told in minute detail — the events are too close to the hearts of many people to be treated as history. However, visitors are offered a glimpse of it in a booklet by Eugen Mayer, *The Story of Beit Daniel*.

Two involvements deeply affected the lives of the well-to-do Bentwicks family of London. First, there was the Zionist commitment. Herbert, the head of the family, supported Herzl's ideas and played an active part in the early Zionist Congresses. The other passion was music. The Bentwicks' London home and their country residence, Carmel Court, were frequented by the great performers of the day. And each of the 11 children played an instrument — piano, violin or cello. Two of the sisters became professional musicians: Thelma Yellin, a pupil of Casals, played in the first Israel Quartet (along with Lorand and Alice Fenyes and Oedon Partos), while Margery, a violinist as well as a talented writer, played in the Palestine Broadcasting Service orchestra.

It was Nita, the third eldest sister, who after her marriage to Michael Lange decided to establish a home in Eretz Yisrael. A spacious charming house, designed in outline by Nita, was erected on a 77-dunam property in Zichron Ya'akov. The new Carmel Court, as the Langes named it, attracted visitors from

Yishuv and from abroad. Among their close friends was their neighbour, Aaron Aaronson; it was he who had influenced Nita to study agriculture in England. On a personal level, it was Langes' hope that Carmel Court in Zichron would become the home of the entire family.

A step in this direction was taken in 1922, although the cause was a sad one. That year, Nita died at the age of 38, and Michael invited her elder sister Lilian, to settle at the house with her children. Lilian, whose many activities included the translation into English of some of Ahad Ha'am's essays, had been married to Israel Friedlaender, a brilliant Orientalist and professor at the University of Strasbourg and later at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York. They had six children; the youngest, Daniel, was only two years old when in 1920 his father, on a Joint Distribution Committee mission taking supplies to Russian Jewry, was murdered by bandits in the Ukraine.

In 1925, Michael Lange, the brooding Jewish philosopher whose quest for divine truth occasioned bouts of melancholy, unable to go on without Nita, took his life. He left the property to his sister-in-law.

MINDFUL of the tradition in her parents' home, Lilian made a point of providing her children with music lessons. It did not take long for her to realize that Daniel was remarkably gifted. Indeed, Daniel Friedlaender may have been a musical prodigy. Still very young, he astounded people with his fluency on the piano and his extraordinary musicality. His first piano teacher was Mathilda Sapir of Haifa, later followed by Rahel Krugliakov and Arie Abileah in Jerusalem. Daniel's playing, struck listeners as both delicate and charged with inner intensity; some of those who remember him compare him to Glenn Gould. Daniel did not practise much, yet he had no difficulty with the most demanding Romantic repertoire. Artur Schnabel, Myra Hess and Felix Weingartner praised his art. The manuscripts of his compositions are strikingly clear and tidy.

For two years, Daniel studied in London with Elsa Karez, a pupil of

Stravinsky and Cortot. In 1935, Lilian took her son to the United States, where a scholarship to the renowned Juilliard School awaited him.

The New York environment was a difficult one for the gentle youth who had been nurtured in an atmosphere of affection and encouragement. He was deeply impressed, however, by the MacDowell Colony, a retreat where creative musicians worked undisturbed, free of the hustle of everyday life. Could not the family estate in Zichron serve Israeli musicians in a similar way?

IN 1936, following a breakdown, Daniel Friedlaender committed suicide. He was 18 years old. After the funeral in Jerusalem, his mother's foremost thought was to perpetuate his memory by creating a resort for musicians.

Eliesser Yellin, her architect brother-in-law, drew up the plan, and in 1938 the construction of Beit Daniel was completed. Close friends of the family attended the inauguration ceremony: Judah Magnes, a colleague of Israel Friedlaender's; Max Levite, a Zichron neighbour of many years; Aharon Agranat, whose son was to become the husband of Daniel's sister, Carmel, and president of Israel's Supreme Court.

The house finished, Lilian put all her formidable energy and connections into achieving its purpose. Through the years many great artists have come to Beit Daniel, among them Toscanini, Huberman, Copland, Arrau, Bernstein, Chagall. The quiet expanse separating its buildings, the pictures on its walls, the breathtaking natural beauty, cannot fail to exercise a spell on the visitor. So little seems to have changed in the almost 70 years, since Norman Bentwick, Nita's elder brother, on leave from Allenby's army, wrote: "There was something in the atmosphere of the place which isolated it both from local and from world politics, and which made it a haven of rest where people could think clearly and talk openly."

IT DOES NOT require much imagination to see in Beit Daniel a well-nigh ideal setting for inspired music-making — a chamber-music festival, a course in interpretation, or the like. It stands up remarkably well to famous places of the kind abroad. What is more, the family of Daniel Friedlaender still appears anxious to see the creative aspect materialize.

Incongruously, until now this has remained an elusive goal. Numerous ideas, some ambitious, others modest, have not come to much. For a few summers, Rami Shevelov's chamber-music courses injected life into the place; an off-spring of these, the Daniel String Quartet, began giving concerts. However, Shevelov, who last year joined the Juilliard faculty, was not able to continue with the project. The members of the quartet went to live abroad and are almost unheard of here, although the ensemble still exists. Beit Lilian, the house holding a small concert auditorium, is silent once more.

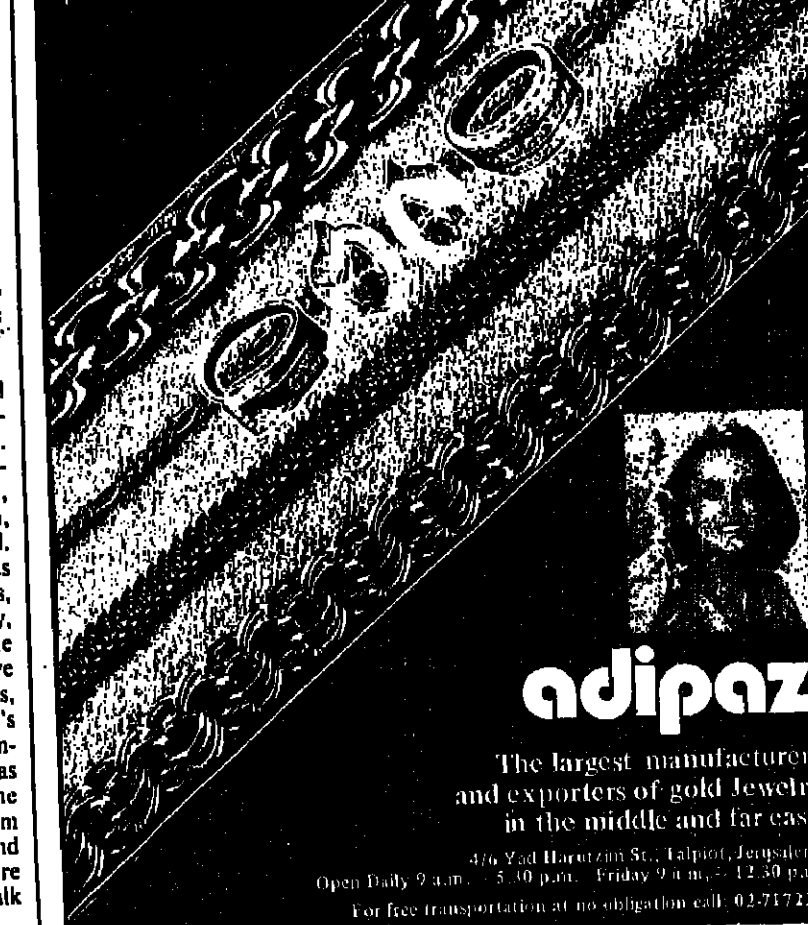
The original Lange mansion stands abandoned, becoming more dilapidated with every winter that passes. Its courtyard, reputedly possessing marvellous acoustics and in the past the venue of many concerts, is overgrown with weeds.

Perhaps the time has come for our musical community to try to break the spell of silence at Beit Daniel. Yohanan Boehm is on holiday.

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8 days (Budget), every Sunday \$345

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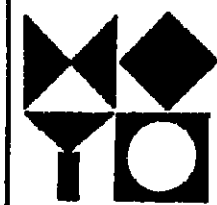
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Cinematheque
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Fri. at 2:30 pm: *Four Friends* Arthur Penn
Sat. at 7:30 pm: *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* Bruno Barreto
9:30 pm: *Savoyean* Federico Fellini
Mon. at 7 pm: *The Lacemaker*
7:30 pm: small hall *Showboat* James Whale
9:30 pm: *Wayseek* Werner Herzog
Tues. at 4 pm: *Sound of Music*
7 pm: *Medea* Pier Paolo Pasolini
9:30 pm: *Germany Pale Mother* Helma Sanders-Brahms
Wed. at 7 pm: *Comes a Horseman* Alan J. Pakula
7:30 pm: small hall *Nosferatu - Eine Symphonie des Grauens* F.W. Murnau
9:30 pm: *But Where Is Daniel Wax* Abraham Heller
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Nous ne Vieillirons Pas Ensemble* Maurice Pialat
9:30 pm: *Nosferatu* Werner Herzog
midnight: *Play It Again Sam* with Woody Allen & Diane Keaton
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This Week in Israel - The Leading JERUSALEM MUSEUMS



this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

Permanent Collections of Judaism, Art and Archaeology
 Maurice Oppenheim - The First Jewish Painter
 George Segal - 18 life-size plaster sculptures
 China and the Islamic World: Mutual Influence in Ceramics
 Mario Merz - builder of igloos and constructor of moveable nomadic dwellings
 From "Pong" to Home Computer
 Contemporary Israeli Art
 Looking at Pictures - for children aged 8 and up
 The Tip of the Iceberg no. 2: New Acquisitions of Israeli Art
 Kadish Barnes - at the Rockefeller Museum
 The Wonderful World of Paper - Paley Center

SPECIAL EXHIBITS

Capernum Hoard
 A New Mosaic in the Norman F. Schenker Archaeology Garden
 Oil Lamp Section
 The Permanent Exhibit in the Prehistory Hall
 Yemima Teneh Films ("Rimonim")

EVENTS

FILM
 Tuesday, September 27 at 18.00 & 20.30
 "CONFIDENCE" (Hungary 1978)
 Director: Istvan Szabo; with Lidiko Bensegi, Peter Andorai

CHILDREN'S FILM
 Sun., Oct. 2; Mon., Oct. 3; Wed., Oct. 5; Thurs., Oct. 6 at 15.30
 "E.T." - Extra-Terrestrial Friends

FILM
 Tuesday, October 4 at 18.00 & 20.30
 "BEING THERE" (USA 1978)
 Director: Hal Ashby; with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH

Museum: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 11.00; Tues. at 16.30
 Rockefeller Museum: every Friday at 11.00
 Shrine of the Book: Tuesday, October 4 at 15.30

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Registration for art courses continues: for children - painting, ceramics, sculpture, creative movement, etching & drawing, weaving, puppet theatre, embroidery, silk-screening, film-making, photography, etc. For adults - as above plus sculpture & introduction to different materials, illustration & graphics, drama, interior decoration etc.
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VISITING HOURS: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 16.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00

ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00

LIBRARY: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 18.00 to 20.00

GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00 to 13.00; Tues. 16.00 to 20.00

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv - Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Givat; Jerusalem - Kifim.

Ivory's Indias

CINEMA/Dan Fainaru

JAMES IVORY has his own private and well-established niche in the world of cinema. He may not be one of the greatest artists of film, but in his movies about India, constituting more than half of his output, he has been a foremost exponent of the encounter between East and West, whose ability to display the finer points of the conflict and the subtle attraction between these two poles are not to be doubted.

An American who has hardly made any films at home, he has been known as one member of the Wandering Company triumvirate, to use the name employed by the British to describe the alliance between director Ivory, producer Ismail Merchant (a Moslem Indian) and novelist-scriptwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (a Jewess from Cologne married to an Indian architect). They met 21 years ago, when Merchant was looking for the right director to shoot Prawer Jhabvala's novel *The Householder*, and have been working together since that time, rain or shine, through 15 feature films, eight of them about India and the way Westerners fit (or don't fit) in it.

For many, *Heat and Dust*, their latest effort, shown this year at the Cannes Film Festival under the British flag, sums up in the best way the qualities of the team. It has the lush, handsome and polished look of their non-Indian literary adaptations (such as Henry James' *The Europeans* or Jean Rhys' *Quartet*) while retaining the inclusive approach of their more modest but original portrayals of the culture clash between Occident and Orient.

That most of this information is new for an Israeli audience is not surprising. For it seems that Ivory-Merchant films have the talent to scare away our distributors and exhibitors, who consider their work too intellectual, their pace too slow, and their casts too unglamorous, to take a chance on *Shakespeare Wallah*, the story of a travelling company presenting the Bard to Indian audiences, undoubtedly one of the best Ivory films, has languished for years on the back shelves of one distributing office in Tel Aviv, with the Cinema theques as its only customers.

The Guru went very quickly through our cinemas, thanks mostly to the fact that Michael York was in it, at a time when some people believed that he was about to become a big draw (an impression that never materialized). The only one of Ivory's film to get a decent distribution here was *Roseland*, a nostalgic, sentimental encounter of destinies with the old New York dance-hall as its background.

THIS, HOWEVER, should not be regarded as an indication of the Wandering Company's capabilities, certainly not as far as *Heat and Dust* is concerned. For this is a much more lavish production, pretty sentimental, to be sure, but attempting to deal with a larger canvas of themes and problems than the small, chamber-size New York film.

The script is based on an award-winning novel written by Prawer Jhabvala in 1975. As it unfolds in two parallel plots, one taking place in the mid-Twenties, the other contemporary, it invites the audience to follow the way two British women react to the mysteries and the

charm of the Hindu nation. Of course, the comparison is inevitable, as so many things have changed since the 1920s. India is no longer part of the Empire, women are no longer bound by the strict moral codes of yesterday, everything appears to be much more flexible - people, sex, human intercourse, racial relations and class distinctions. And yet, so the film seems to argue, not everything has changed as much as we believe it did.

Anne, a BBC researcher going, style at her job, a typical liberated woman of the 1980s, decides to do some research of her own, in the family attic. She discovers that her grandmother's sister, Olivia, who had married an army officer 60 years earlier and gone with him to India with him, disappeared in a most suspicious manner. Intrigued, she starts by looking for a family friend who was very close to her. His great-aunt stories lead her to the inevitable conclusion that, if she wants to discover the whole truth, she must go to India herself.

Thus, the film slips into its parallel stories. One is the story of Anne, fascinated by the different reality she finds away from England, meeting an American hippie who can't go on being blissfully happy, the Indian way, because he can't stand the food and has to go home, and an Indian man in whose home she lives and whose child she will eventually bear. The other is the story of Olivia, the beautiful, lively, innocent young woman, bored stiff by the colonial society to whose stifling rules she is expected to conform. She is married to a man who is torn between his sympathy for the Hindus and his duty to the Crown. Year in, year out she has to go through the motions, play the society game and inevitably she will fall prey to the local Nawab, a princeling whose grand manners can hardly disguise his shortage of money, a willing puppet in the hands of the foreign rulers, who nevertheless exploits every opportunity to pull his rank and hit back at them.

AS THE PLOTS slowly progress, intertwined by the narrative technique which has Anne gradually unravel the secrets of the past, and then moves over to the past to show these secrets, it is clear that both women go through the same sort of emotional stress, but have different social pressures to cope with. Anne has to accept, sooner or later, that charmed as she is with India, she is and always will be an outsider, an onlooker.

And yet, as much as Anne seems to be in the foreground, it is Olivia's destiny which fascinates the film-makers and on which they lavish their most tender care. Olivia, who lives through the dramatic times of popular uprisings drenched in blood (shades of *Gandhi*), who reacts to the European rulers from their Indian vassals as if it were a challenge, who discovers she is pregnant and is not sure who the real father is, and who is finally rejected by both worlds and has to live the rest of her days in a sort of limbo.

ONE OF THE services that the Israel Museum offers to the public comes from its Department of Travelling Exhibitions - and one of those exhibitions is entitled "Dance in Art."

Consisting of reproductions and slides, these collections go - for a token fee - to elementary and secondary schools, teachers' seminars, kibbutzim, community centres, libraries, homes for the elderly and industrial plants.

Every month about 100 exhibitions dealing with various aspects of art - Judaica, ancient and modern techniques and styles, individual artists - go out, sometimes to remote places.

"Dance in Art" is one of the latest exhibitions to be assembled. When I talked to an assistant in the department, Naomi Louv, she seemed very pleased and in a way surprised at the success of this exhibition. "It is very popular, in great demand," she said.

Museum road show

DANCE / Dora Sowden

At her invitation, I had visited the museum and met the head of the department, Tami Schatz, and another assistant, Miriam Becker.

Each exhibition, whatever the theme, consists of about 30 items, with notes explaining the subjects, their period and the historical and artistic continuity of the theme. Each exhibit is 30 by 50 cms. or 30 by 70 cms. in size. Wherever possible, more than one kit of the same exhibition is made up so that the material can be sent to more than one place at the same time.

"What we try to show in the reproductions and slides from various sources and countries that make up "Dance in Art" is what

dance means in culture, communication, drama, worship and society," said Louv. The kit I saw began with primitive dance and ended with Mondrian - all illustrative of movement.

THE DEPARTMENT was started about 40 years ago by the Bezalel School as an art collection. As there were not enough originals, reproductions were used. When the number of reproductions grew, it became a travelling and lending department.

The assembled exhibits began with dancing figures found in ancient murals, and with camera shots of African dance. The oldest picture

was of an Egyptian terracotta figurine estimated to date back to 5,000 BCE.

There were also coloured photographs of Egyptian funerary sculptures in relief, with mourners in dancing poses, some kicking up their legs apparently in a sort of frenzy. A painting on a Greek urn portrayed mourning in a more geometric style, but was still a study in movement. From Etruscan art there was a chain dance by women. (African tribal dances to this day have such chains.) Also Etruscan was a male dancer in a short toga.

Roman reliefs showed the Maenades or Bacchae, the female companions of Dionysus or Bacchus, god of wine and fertility. A Cambodian dancer was posed among lotus flowers.

A vase belonging to the Christian era depicted Salome swinging the head of John the Baptist in her dance. Other reproductions included a Turkish miniature of dance-

ing dervishes, community peasant dancing painted by Breughel, social dances on a 15th century French manuscript, a dance lesson painted by Pietro Longhi (18th century) and of course several Renoir drawings of ballet dancers.

A painting of a male dancer by Watteau was new to me. Matisse was represented by the famous circle of dancing nudes. Mondrian's dance idea, cubistic but fluid, was named "Boogie-Woogie."

"For some people these exhibits are their first encounter with art," said Louv. They may also be their first encounter with the story of dance. And it is not only the young who are interested. One order has come from a home for the aged in Kfar Saba.

Each kit of 30 exhibits can be rented for one month. Regular postal rates are charged for mailing. If additional exhibits are required, a further small fee is paid per production.

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SEPTEMBER 30 -- OCTOBER 6

THURSDAY



Allied Brandel

71

[illegible]

23.00 Three's Company: Days of Beer and
Weeds

JORDAN TV (unofficial):
7:30 Cartoons 18.30 French Hour 18.30
The Music Centre 19.30
Nightclub 19.30
Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30
Three's Company 21.10 Knot's Landing
22.00 News in English 22.15 Feature Film

by 1: Tchaikovsky; Suite No. 3 In G Major
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Piano Concerto No. 1; Shostakovich

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6.00 Spotlight on Music — weekly
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RADIO	1st	00.03	Programmes for Olim
		07.20	Light Classical Music — Works by Mendelssohn, Brahms, Liszt, Bizet, Mussorgsky, Debussy
		08.00	Programme in Easy Hebrew
		10.03	Encounter — live family and social magazine
		11.10	Elementary School Broadcasts
		12.05	Education for all
		12.05	Hebrew songs
		12.30	News in French
		13.30	News in French
		14.05	Children's Programmes
	15.30	Speaker's Podium	
	15.53	Notes on a New Book	
	16.05	Afternoon Classics	
	17.05	Jewish Belles University	
	18.05	Middle East Crossroads	

19.05 *Bullock Hutacefi*

2nd

12:06 Hebrew Songs.
12:33:45 A Friend from the Same Planet
12:06 Open Line ... news, and music
12:06 Open Line ... commentary, music
12:06 Open Line ... Interview
12:06 Open Line ... Any Questions?
12:06 Open Line ... and Features

10.05 Today -- radio newscast
10.41 Hebrew songs

Army

6:06 Morning Sounds
6:30 University on the Air
6:50 "Top" — with Alex Vinko
8:05 Morning News
9:05 Right Now — with Ruff Rehner
11:05 Music Requests — with Shira
12:05 Israeli Autumn — with Eli Yasselti
13:05 One and to the Point
14:05 Time Out
16:05 Four in the Morning
17:05 Evening Newsnet
18:05 Economic Magazine

14.05 Music Today — music magazine
20.05 Rock Plus
24.05 Motor — TV Newsread

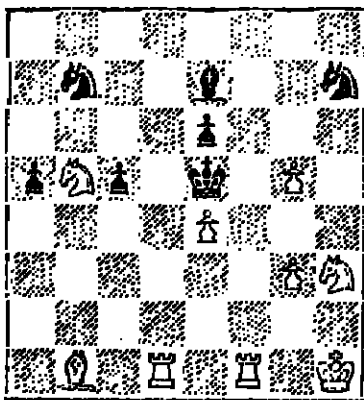
21:35 University on the Air (repeat)
22:05 Popular songs
23:05 Remo -- with Hancock Ram
00:05 Night Birds -- songs chat with Ron
in Tucson

bellad

CHESS

Elihu Shahaf

Problem No.3140
A. KOPIN, USSR
2nd prize, Chess in USSR, 1982



White mates in three (9-7)
SOLUTIONS: Problem No. 3138 (Kuzovkov). 1.Ng6 Ne3 2.Re5 Rf3 3.Rh5 3.Ne5, Rf4 and 4.Rf4, Ne5; 1..Ng7 2.Rf5 Rf5, Rh5 3.Re5, f3 and 4.f3, Re5.

GOLD MEDAL FOR RONEN LEV

Some 134 players from West Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg, Israel, France, Yugoslavia, Wales and Switzerland took part in the

traditional Cadets (players under 15) International held in Paris. Ronen Lev, of Herzliya Hapoel, finished with a brilliant victory, scoring the full 7 points in the 7-round Swiss event. Tied for second were Schulte (West Germany) Yitzhak Ben Menahem and Alon Shulman (both from Israel) with 6 points each. Lev's individual achievement followed the successful appearance of Herzliya Hapoel Cadets in West Germany, where they won both their matches, 5-1 over Kuhn and 3½-2½ over North Rhein Westphalia. Captain of the team and coach was Shlomo Kandelsheim.

KASPAROV REIGNS SUPREME IN NIKSIC

GARRY KASPAROV scored a brilliant victory in the Niksic, Yugoslavia, Grandmasters' tournament by coming in first with 11 points out of 14 games, a full two points ahead of Denmark's Bent Larsen. Tied for third place were Boris Spassky and Lajos Portisch, with 8 points, while Ulf Andersson and Tony Miles tied for 5th, with 7½ points each.

THE ART OF ISRAELI COMPOSITION

THE WORK of 24 composers, some 632 problems and endgames are assembled in *The Art of Israeli Chess Composition*, published on the

eve of the International Composition Congress in Bat Yam. This marvellous document of Israeli achievements over the last three decades, both in the national and international arenas, was edited by Yoel Aloni and Uri Averb. They have done a fine job in collecting the cream of Israeli compositions and presenting them in a technically impeccable manner. A must for every composition lover.

SEIRAWAN KASPAROV

1.d4 d5 2.e4 e6 3.Nc3 c5 4.cd5 ed5 5.Nf3 Nc6 6.g3 Nf6 7.Bg2 Be7 8.0-0 0-0 9.Bg5 cd4 10.Nd4 h6 11.Bf6 Bf6 12.Nb3 d4 13.Ne4 Be7 14.Rc1 Qb6 15.Ne5 R8 16.Rc4 Bc5 17.Nc5 Qb2 18.Qc2 Qe2 19.Rc2 Rb8 20.Rb2 Rd6 21.Rd1 b6 22.Nb3 Bb7 23.Rhd2 Rb8 24.Kf1 Ba6 25.Bc6 Rc6 26.Nd4 Rc5 27. Nb3 Rd2 28.Rd2 Rc7 29.Rd8 Kh7 30.Kel Be4 31.Kd2 g6 32.Ncl Kg7 33.Kf6 34.e3 Ke7 35.Rd4 Rd7 36.Kc3 Rd4 37.Kd4 b5 38.Nd3 Bd3 39.Kd3 Kd6 40.e4 g5 41.f4 g4 42.g4 Kc5 43.Kc3 a5 44.Kd3 h5 45.h4 b4 46.a4 f6 47.f5 Kd6 48.Kc4 Ke7 49.Kd3 Kd7 50.Kc3 Ke6 51.Kd3 Kc5 52.Kc3 h3 53.Kd3 Kc4 54.e5 Ka3! White resigns.

KORCHNOI, CHRISTIANSEN SHARE U.S. OPEN

VIKTOR KORCHNOI and U.S. co-champion Larry Christiansen tied for first in the 1983 U.S. Open, held August 7-20 in Pasadena Ca.

Both scored 10½-1½, each taking home \$3,250.

KORCHNOI GUREVICH

1.d4 Nf6 2.c4 e6 3.Nc3 Bb4 4.e3 c5 5.Ne2 b6 6.a3 Ba5 7.Rb1 Qe7 8.Bd2 0-0 9.Ng3 Na6 10.d5 Nc7 11..Qf3 Be3 12.Bc3 ed5 13.cd5 Re8 14.Nf3! Qe4 15.Bf6! Qb1 16.Kd2 Qe4 17.Qg3! Qd5 18.Kc1 g6 19.Nh6 Kf8 20.Qc7 Bb7 21.Bb5 Qe6 22.Qf4. Black resigns.

BENJAMIN CHRISTIANSEN

1.d4 Nf6 2.e4 e6 3.Nf3 d5 4.Nc3 Be7 5.Bg5 0-0 6.e3 Nbd7 7.Rc1 a6 8.e5 e6 9.Bd3 b6 10.c6 c5 11.0-0 Bb7 12.Qe2 Re8 13.Rfd1 c4 14.Bb1 Qb6 15.Qc2 g6 16.Rd2 Rac8 17.Bf4 Ne4 18.Ne4 de4 19.Ne5 Ne5 20.de5 Bd5 21.Qd1 Re5 22.Be2 Rfc8 23.Rb1 Rb5 24.b3 c3 25.Rd4 a5 26..Qg4 Qc6 27.h4 Rb4 28.h5 Rd4 29.ed4 a4 30.hg6 hg6 31.Kh2 ab3 32.ab3 Kg7 33.Bg5 Rb8 34.Kg1 Qc7 35.Ra1 Qd8 36.Be3? Rh4 37.Qe2 Qh8. White resigns.

COUP DE GRACE

White — Kg1; Qh8; Bb2; Ne2; Nc3; Pa5, c4, d5, g2. (9). Black — Kg6; Qe2; R7; Bc8; Nf4; Pa6, c5, d6, g4. (9). Black to play.

ELEGANT FINISH

White — Kh1; Re6; Rf1; Ne6; Pa2, b2, c3, g2. (8). Black — Kh8;

Rd5, Rf8; Bf4; Pa7, g3, g4, h6. (8). Black to play.

1. — Rh5 2.Kg1 Be3! 3.Re3 Rhl 4.Kh1 Rf1x. (Mereklishvili — Lelunshvili, USSR, 1982).

ENDGAME FINESS

White — Ke3; Rf7; Nf3; Pe4, f4, g3, h4. (7). Black — Kb6; Rd8; Ne5; Pb4, c6, f6. (6). Black to play.

1. — Rd3 2.Ke2 Rf3! 3.Kf3 b3. White resigns. (Kirilov — Domuls, Riga, 1983).

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White — Kg2; Qh4; Rb7; Bf7; Nf4; Pd3, i2, g3. (8). Black — Kh7 7.f4. Black resigns. (Karlsson — Timplay. 1-16! 2.gf Bf6 3.Rf4 (3.Qf4 Qf3 Kg6 5.Qc6 Bf6 6.Qe4 Kg5 7.f4. Black resigns. (Karlsson — Timman, Lus Palmas, 1982).

ENDGAME FINESS

White — Kb3; Rc2; Pa5, b6, g2, h3. (6). Black — Kd3; Rc5; Pc3, f6, h4. (5). White could win by continuing 1.Rc3!! (1.Kb4? Kc2 2.Kc5 Kd3 3.b7 c2 4.b8Q c1Q 5.Kb6 Qg1, draw) 1..Rc3 2.Kb4 Rcl 3.a6 Rbl (3. — Kd4 4.b7! Rbl 5.Ka3 Kc3 5.Ka2 Rb2 7.Kal Rb6 8.a7, and wins) 4.Kc5 Rcl! 5.Kd5 Ral 6a! (6.b7? Ra5!) 6. — Ra5! 7.Kc6! (7..Ke4 8.Kb7 Kb5! and wins) 7. — Ke4! (7. — Rb8 8.Kf5!) 8.Kf6 Kf4 9.Kg6 Ra6 10.Kh5 Ra5 11.Kh4 Ra6! 12.g3! Kf5 13.g4 Kf4 14.g5, etc. (Litinskaya — Lemachko, Bad Kissingen, 1982).

The best defence



BRIDGE/Hanan Sher

ALAN TRUSCOTT was one of Britain's best bridge players before he moved to the United States in the mid-1960s. He is now considered the best of the newspaper bridge columnists. His articles appear daily in *The New York Times*, and are widely syndicated, mostly in the U.S.

In one of his recent columns, Truscott described a "brilliant defensive play." Let us look at the hands:

North	South
♠ J54	♠ KQ6
♥ K872	♥ 9
♦ K9762	♦ A J
♣ 4	♣ AKJ9532

The bidding, w. both vulnerable:

East	South	West	North
1♠	1♥	Pass	2♠
2NT	3♠	Pass	4♠
Dbl.	All pass		

AFTER OPENING the hostilities with a one-club call and bidding strongly all the way, East doubled the final four-spade contract.

The opening lead was the club ten, won by East's king. At first glance, it seems that South can now make his contract, ruffing two club losers in dummy, and at some point running the spade jack from dummy, to "smother" the singleton ten in the West hand. (It should be pointed out that the singleton ten in the West hand is the only 3-1 spade break that South can handle.) Now South will lose only one diamond, one spade and one club.

"Routine defence" will allow South to do just that. But East had another idea. At Trick Two, he led the spade six. South stuck to his original plan, by letting it run to the jack. At this point, according to Truscott's analysis, "he could no longer make his contract."

Truscott says that South now entered his hand with a heart to ruff a club, and led a second heart towards his other honour. But East

ruffed with a spade honour and played the other one, losing to South's ace but drawing dummy's last spade. Now South still had to lose a diamond and another club, and went down one.

THAT'S certainly true, as far as it goes. But there is another way to make the contract. It all begins back at Trick Two, after East has "put" South in dummy with his low spade play. South can — perhaps even should — realize that East is attempting to "kill" dummy's ruffing power, and that entries to hand are hard to come by. So at Trick Three, he should lead a low diamond from dummy.

On the bidding, East is clearly marked with the diamond ace. But he need not hold the queen as well. And if he doesn't, East reasonably can read South for the singleton diamond queen. If he does, and rises with the ace, South has found a parking place for the second club loser on the diamond king.

And even if East plays the jack, South has a chance on the current layout. East's best return after winning the diamond jack would be the spade king, won by South's ace. Now a club can be ruffed with dummy's remaining trump, and another diamond led from dummy. The ace must be played, for South to ruff. And now a heart to dummy's king provides an entry to the good king of diamonds. It now matters not whether East ruffs with the master trump or not; either way, South can discard that last club like a hot potato, and make his contract.

Nor does any other defence work. A heart return merely reverses the other of things, allowing South to ruff two diamonds as entries to his hand, and to ruff two clubs with dummy's two spades.

THE OTHER hand we'll report on today can be considered neither "brilliant" nor "spectacular." But it is worthy of note, mainly because it displays the attention to detail which is the stuff of bridge success.

North-South were playing 16-18 point opening one no-trumps, and South wisely declined his partner's game invitation since he held a bare minimum. The opening lead was the "natural" club deuce, won by East's

North	South
♠ AK9	♠ J76
♥ 987	♥ AQJ4
♦ 9775	♦ AK2
♣ 876	♣ J95

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1NT	Pass	2NT	Pass

ace. Next came the king of clubs, and a small club to South's jack and West's queen.

When West cashed the 13th club, everyone had to discard. For declarer, a pitch from dummy was no problem — a small heart was played. East also discarded a heart, and South pitched a spade.

Now West was on lead. He could virtually "count" the distribution and high-cards in the unseen hands. Let's follow his reasoning.

South had a minimum 16-point no-trump, since he had not gone on to game. Dummy had eight points, and he had started with seven. That left his partner with exactly nine high-card points, of which he had already shown seven in the ace and king of clubs. East, therefore, held one of the red queens (or possibly the jacks of hearts and spades).

Now about the distribution. West knew that the club suit was divided 4-3-3-3. But what were South's other ten cards?

It seemed likely that South had a balanced hand, with a four-carder in either hearts or diamonds. He had discarded one spade, so he probably did not have four of them to start with. And he had not discarded a diamond, which would have been safe with his four-card holding in dummy. So he must have four hearts, probably to the ace-queen-jack. (Another clue was East's heart discard, probably not from a holding he had to protect.)

If his analysis was correct, it was dangerous for West to lead a small spade, which South could run around to his jack. That would give him eight tricks — two hearts, even with the losing finesse; three spades; and the ace-king of diamonds.

But the queen of spades was a "safe" lead. Even though it would promote the jack in declarer's hand to the status of a winner, there was no separate entry to dummy which would allow him to cash the jack and king separately. So the queen of spades was led, won by dummy's king, with East discarding a high-spade to indicate that partner had "struck gold."

Now declarer was finished. He lost the heart finesse to West's king, and another spade was returned to the king.

Declarer played the diamond jack from dummy, in a vain attempt to smother the doubleton ten in the West hand. But East had been counting too, and went straight up with the queen. Declarer could now cash three hearts and two diamonds, but West had no problem hanging on to the diamond ten for the setting trick.

It's true that a heart lead at Trick Five would bring about the same result. South could win the jack, and end-play West with the ace and a small heart. But even then, West would have to play the queen of spades if the defence was to make six tricks.

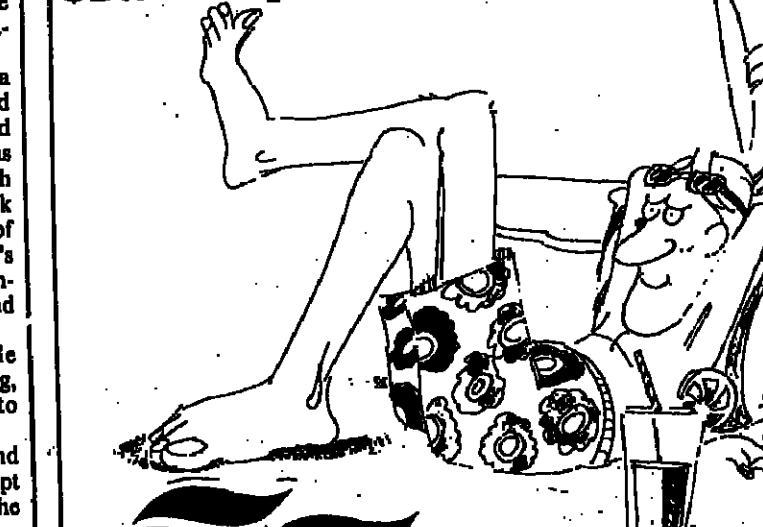
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THE MAGISTERIAL *American Jewish Year Book*, now in its 83rd year, has long since received recognition as an authoritative reference work. Its annual surveys of developments in certain aspects of U.S. Jewry and of selected communities elsewhere, its demographic information and its U.S. Jewish directory, constitute a staple and reliable guide. The "plum" in each volume is its introductory articles on miscellaneous themes.

This year, it presents four such studies, all based on questionnaire surveys. The conclusions are often of great interest but there remains a danger in over-reliance on, and reading too much into, such surveys. Where polls can be checked completely (as in elections), they have sometimes proved drastically in error, and the same possibility must lurk even in conclusions regarding Jewish identity. With this reservation — and the hope that the *American Jewish Year Book* will revert to other approaches in its feature articles — it must be said that the tendencies discerned in these four articles stand to reason, even if often they only confirm the obvious conclusion reached inductively.

THE FIRST two studies relate to religious life in Israel. Calvin Goldscheider and Dov Friedlander of the Hebrew University examine "Religiosity Patterns in Israel." This is a difficult article for the non-specialist to read (unlike the others), and suffers from the use of sociological jargon which is not in place in a work for the general public. (Sample sentence: "Although the overall cohort data provide no evidence of religious-secular polarization for the total Jewish population, an examination of the religious and secular extremes among Israel's ethnic sub-populations qualifies that conclusion.")

Based on 3,000 interviews with a random sample of Israel's urban population, its conclusions are not unexpected. There is a decline in religious observance from generation to generation (least marked in *kashrut* observance). There are strong contrasts, with Jews from Moslem lands maintaining a higher religiosity than the European-born (most marked in the use of the *nikveh*); these distinctions lessen with Israeli-born generations, mostly through the diminution in religiosity among those of Afro-

A hardy annual



AMERICAN JEWISH YEAR BOOK 1983 edited by Milton Himelfarb and David Singer. New York, The American Jewish Committee, and Philadelphia, The Jewish Publication Society of America. 436 pp. \$23.50.

Geoffrey Wigoder

Asian origin. The higher the education, the greater the likelihood of secularization, but in any case all ethnic groups show increased secularization. Of those interviewed, 14% call themselves religious, 14% moderately religious, 38% moderately secular and 35% secular.

THE SECOND survey, by Dr. Ephraim Tavory of Bar-Ilan University, presents a social and religious profile of Reform and Conservative Judaism in Israel. This excellent article supplements the statistical information with a historical account and social analysis that examines the main problems.

Tavory puts the number of Israelis leading a non-secular lifestyle at 75%, so that the number

who have been attracted to Reform and Conservative Judaism, even allowing for their late start, is surprisingly low. Out of 6,000 synagogues in Israel, only some 40 (representing 2,000 families) are Reform and Conservative-affiliated. He notes that there is less social pressure in Israel than in the U.S. in pushing Jews in the direction of the more liberal religious denominations, and that in the U.S. the Reform and Conservative movements are vehicles for ethnic as well as religious identification. Conservative Judaism has caught on in Israel more than Reform; it has 30 congregations, all but three having been founded since 1970. Of the 12 Reform congregations, eight were founded before 1970. The Conservative members tend to be younger than the Reform, of American origin rather than of European origin and of a higher social status. (The Conservatives have attracted an element of young, socially mobile Israelis.)

To improve its image, the Conservative movement in Israel calls itself *Mesorati* (traditional). In fact, this name — like "Conservative" — is misleading. They recall the story

about the man who was asked how his wife was, and who responded: "Compared to whom?" The word "Conservative" is relevant in relation to Reform; it is obviously inaccurate *vis-a-vis* Orthodox. In Israel, *Mesorati* may apply in comparison with Reform (and also with American Conservatism though that was hardly the intention) but congregations in which men and women sit together are hardly *Mesorati*.

ANOTHER PROBLEM is justifying maintenance of two separate movements in Israel instead of a unified "Progressive Judaism." To some extent, this question is relevant in the U.S. where — whatever the ideological differences at the top — there is little to choose between the two groups of congregants. In Israel, the Conservatives are reluctant to be tarred with Reform non-*halachic* practices; they fear that this will compromise whatever recognition they have achieved with the Orthodox.

Tavory finds both Conservative and Reform in Israel largely ethnic-oriented with basically homogeneous backgrounds. They have had hardly any success in attracting Israelis of Asian-African or even Latin American backgrounds. They want to be seen as indigenous but their affiliation (and much of their finance) derives from abroad. Their members have a high educational level, with five times as many college-educated as in the general population. Native Israelis tend to join because of their parents or through a marriage. Some have encountered the movement while abroad, others are attracted by the *harmitzvah* and *hachnuna* preparation and ceremonies. On the other hand, only half the children continue their parents' affiliation when they grow up — indeed, among those who no longer live at home, only 37% of Reform and 42% of Conservative children attend synagogues of the same denomination as their parents.

THE OTHER two surveys in the *Yearbook* relate to U.S. Jewry. The "National Survey of American Jews," by Steven M. Cohen of the City University of New York, provides stimulating information although the methodology is far from satisfactory (1,700 questionnaires sent to people with Jewish names in telephone directories, of whom 700 replied). Here are some of the findings:

36% were Conservative, 26%

Reform, 6% Orthodox, 32% unaffiliated.

Religious practices include *Seder* services (kept by 77%), *Hanukkah* candles (67%), Yom Kippur (50%), Sabbath candles (22%), meat and milk (15%), not working on Sabbath (5%).

50% were synagogue-affiliated; 50% contributed to UJA/Federation annually.

37% had visited Israel (which compares to 16% in a 1970 study but approximates to other recent polls). Asked how many of their closest friends were Jews, 40% said "All," 22% "Most."

On Israel, 81% disagreed with the statement that each American Jew should give serious thought to settling in Israel, whereas 83% said that, if Israel were to be destroyed, it would be one of their greatest personal tragedies. 71% felt that Israel's future was not secure, and 76% that Jews should not vote for political candidates unfriendly to Israel. 74% reject negotiations with the PLO, and 64% agree that a West Bank State could endanger Israel. In general, 23% could be classified as doves while 74% think Israel's policies are about right. Concern for Israel was weakest among the younger, the better educated and the more assimilated. As the liberalism of the respondents increases, their concern for Israel declines; their liberalism is not incompatible with pro-Israeli feeling but restrains their support for certain hardline policies from Israel.

Asked about the major problems confronting American Jewry, the most serious were seen as Israeli security and American anti-Semitism. 62% rejected the proposition that all positions of influence in America were open to Jews. In U.S. politics, 66% declared themselves Democrats and only 11% Republicans.

Despite the questionability of the methodological basis, the results obtained are highly feasible, and could well reflect, in general terms, American Jewish attitudes.

The final survey, analysing Jewish data in national Gallup polls, contains few surprises. It notes, for example, that the percentage of Jews in the American population is dropping, their average age is older, more find a career in education, fewer in manual labour, and virtually none in agriculture. The main value of this data is to provide a check on other demographic sources. In any case, by now the trends and patterns are clear. □

BY 1942 the steadily increasing number of Jewish partisans in Volhynia and Polesia had made a definite contribution to the Russian war-effort. The Red Army succeeded in slowing down the German onslaught; and the invader's long lines of communication became a permanent headache for him.

The Soviet and Jewish partisans were particularly effective in the wide swamps and forests area over which the Germans exercised only sporadic control. The Germans engaged the help of local fascist bodies among the Ukrainians, and onlsted other allies, also — Rumanians, Hungarians, even Norwegians. But when the local population realized that the Nazis might soon crumble, the partisans' task became much easier.

Regrettably, the true extent of the Jewish partisan contribution will never be known. The Nazis, the Russians and the Ukrainians were always unwilling to give the Jews

Death in the forest

JEWISH PARTISANS: A Documentary of Jewish Resistance in the Soviet Union During World War II. Compiled and edited by Jack Nussan Porter with the assistance of Yehuda Merlin. University Press of America. Two vols.: 294 and 296 pp. Price not stated.

Alexander Zvielli

much credit for underground activities.

JEWISH, made desperate by the German programme of extermination, quickly changed from mild and frightened people into resolute persons who felt they had nothing to lose. They also proved themselves able to withstand the rigours of a severe climate, and of forests, swamps and hunger. However,

there were several reasons why they wouldn't disclose their real identity, and their successes were often ascribed to others.

The Jewish partisan might have been more intelligent and enterprising than his gentle comrade, yet Ukrainians were the commanders. The Jews were exposed to two-fold danger for some of them were murdered by their own gentle comrades. Thousands of them perished without trace.

JACK NUSSAN PORTER and his assistant, Yehuda Merlin, have helped to retrieve these lost lives, through collecting and editing in English some remarkable documents on the activities of Jewish partisans in the Soviet Union, Latvia, Ukraine, and Volhynia. These collections represent an important part of our national heritage.

Porter is a sociologist who was

born in Rovne after the war, but was brought up and educated in America. He graduated from North Western University and founded *The Journal of the History of Sociology*. He has lectured widely in America, and has had a distinguished record of work for the American Jewish community.

His late father, Irving Porter, was once better known as Yisrael Putchik. His nickname among the partisans was Zalanka. Yisrael was one of the commanders of the famous "Kruk" (Raven) Division, which was led by the Ukrainian partisan leader Nikolai Konishuk. He and his wife, Faygeh Merin, fought in the Volhynia region from mid-1942 to early 1945.

THE PORTER anthology consists of several collections of documents, some of which have been published previously in Russia and in Israel. The first collection: *Partizanska Druzha* (Partisan Brotherhood), was originally published in Moscow in 1948, in a limited edition, by the

Der Emes Jewish Publishing House. The Stalinist purges of the Jewish leadership and of the Jewish intellectuals, in the period preceding the Doctors' Plot, prevented the book's distribution. Several copies of this edition were not impounded, and it was brought out in Israel in a Hebrew edition by the late journalist Benyamin West, with the title *Heym Hayu Rabim*. (They Were Many: Jewish Partisans in the Soviet Union during World War II). Tel Aviv Labour Archives Press.

The second collection included in the Porters' anthology is another Israeli publication: *K'Oranim Gavahu: Partizanim Yehudim Bey'arot Volhynia* (Like Pines They Grew: Jewish Partisans in the Forests of Volhynia) edited by Nathan Livon in 1980. Both collections have been supplemented by additional material. A large number of researchers, translators and map-makers made this anthology possible. It is a valuable addition to the increasing number of books about the Jewish partisans. □

A FULL DECADE after the Yom Kippur War, Israelis are still not in agreement about the proper lessons to be drawn from that conflict, nor about the choice of intellectual tools for proper national decision-making that would prevent the recurrence of Yom Kippur-type surprises.

The Agranat Commission, in its celebrated and much debated report on the outbreak of the war, focused in large measure on the failure of military intelligence to foresee the onset of the war and to issue an early enough warning about its coming. The point was made that the Egyptians, through concealment and deception, had managed to pull the wool, as it were, over the IDF's eyes, thus scoring an almost complete surprise. The traumatic impact of that surprise has, it is true, not dissipated to this day.

Zvi Lanir, in a ground-breaking study on the crisis of national intelligence, grants that there was an element of what he terms "situational surprise" in the failure to read the enemy's signals correctly on the eve of the war. He contends, however, that what should worry Israelis more profoundly, and what escaped the notice of the Agranat Commission, is the "fundamental surprise" revealed by the war. This had its origin in the failure of Israel's own strategic doctrine to keep in tune with changing realities. It was, in other words, a matter of self-deception.

The military doctrine current at the time was abstracted from the experiences of 1956 and 1967. It did not allow for the possibility that Egypt, which lacked the resources for winning a decisive military victory over Israel, would nevertheless choose to go to war merely to gain a limited success on the battlefield, which could later be translated into political advantage. Nor did the doctrine allow that, after the inevitable retreat early in the war of the regular forces in the south and the aid of freshly arrived reserves, a simultaneous counter-attack on both the Egyptian and the Syrian

Self-deception



HAHAFTA'A HABESISIT — MODI'IN BEMASHBER (Fundamental Surprise — The National Intelligence Crisis) by Zvi Lanir. Hakibutz Hameuhad/The Centre for Strategic Studies, University of Tel Aviv. 213 pp. No price stated.

Mordechai Nessiyahu

fronts. Yet that is what accounted for the unexpected length of the war.

ALTHOUGH the writing of the book was completed before the launching of the war in Lebanon, Lanir's conceptual framework is easily applicable to that war as well. Israel was in possession of the fullest situational intelligence about the PLO in Lebanon, as well as about the Syrians, and certainly about the Lebanese Christians. Yet Israel's military doctrine, which led to that self-initiated war, remained

fundamentally flawed. The completeness of factual information could not make up for the almost total lack of genuine strategic understanding.

In Lanir's book, fundamental surprise is not, however, confined to war. The author analyses Anwar Sadat's peace journey to Jerusalem as itself a variety of fundamental surprise. The Egyptian leader's initiative came to Israelis as a bolt — although admittedly a welcome bolt — from the blue because the basic conditions which gave rise to it had not been duly investigated.

Dr. Zvi Lanir, an aluf (res.) in military intelligence, is currently senior researcher in Tel Aviv University's Centre for Strategic Studies. After the Yom Kippur War he helped set up the Centre for Political Research and Planning at the Foreign Ministry, in line with one of the recommendations of the Agranat Commission. In this trenchantly argued, keenly original study, however, Lanir suggests that

what the country needs today is something better than just another information-gathering agency, which would merely reinforce the conventional official wisdom.

Lanir does not underestimate the importance of information gathering as such, nor does he slight the contribution made by the tools of modern technology, such as computers, and by statistical-analytical methods to the improvement of intelligence at the level of situational understanding. What he denies is rather that "the truth" is itself embedded in information, and that fuller and more reliable information would by itself assure safer prediction.

The most complete information about a given subject, he says, cannot prevent undesirable surprise, and in order to get at the bottom of complex processes taking place in a shifting "space of occurrence" theorizing is essential.

WHAT LANIR argues for, then, is a move from analytical to synthetic and from inductive to deductive reasoning in the field of intelligence. He proposes a holistic-theoretical approach which, he believes, would alone make it possible to view the "adversary" and the "self" as a single unit.

Some of the most crucial issues to have faced Israeli intelligence over the years, Lanir points out, could not have been resolved through exclusive reliance on factual information.

Such, for example, were the issues debated within the intelligence community before the Yom Kippur War: Would Sadat reconcile himself to the status quo which Israel was trying to force on him? Would he start a war despite Egypt's demonstrable military inferiority vis-a-vis Israel? Was the credibility of the IDF's deterrent being maintained?

But such, too, are the issues with which Israeli intelligence has had to grapple more recently: Would the formal peace treaty with Egypt produce in time a normal pattern of relationships between the Israeli and Egyptian peoples? Would a

Palestinian entity, even a Palestinian state, in the West Bank prove an irreducible threat to Israel's very existence, or could it rather spell the end of the Israeli-Palestinian cycle of violence?

In contending with such issues, the author observes, the mere accumulation of facts may not only be irrelevant to strategic understanding, but is even apt to distort proper evaluation. The vital link between information and evaluation is forged not through "situational reasoning," which scorns theory-making as redundant and even harmful, but through "fundamental reasoning," which resorts to mediating theoretical assumptions and makes extensive use of insight, imagination and intuition.

"Fundamental reasoning," according to Lanir, is the hallmark of fundamental intelligence research. The purpose of such research, however, is not to produce abstract theories for their own sake but to assist the policy-maker in guiding the nation's destiny.

THE TEST of successful intelligence is its ability to provide an early enough warning of possible untoward developments. But whereas situational intelligence has discharged its function by cautioning against possible action by an adversary, fundamental intelligence goes further to admonish the policy-maker about the possible impact of his own actions. By taking advantage of fundamental intelligence research, the policy-maker should be able to shape an initiatory as contrasted with a purely relative policy.

Thus, starting with the concrete case of the surprise of the Yom Kippur War, Lanir draws a significant distinction between the methodologies and uses of situational and fundamental national intelligence. Buttressed as it is with a wealth of illustrations and supporting evidence from social science literature, this short but thought-provoking book should stimulate wide-ranging discussion of the role of fundamental as opposed to situational reasoning. □

CLEANING OUT the chicken

coops, taking one's turn in the dining-room rota-day-to-day life on a kibbutz can often be far from lyrical. Yet a visitor who arrives late on a summer afternoon, and sees the interplay of light and shadow on the lawns, the houses settling back in the quiet serenity of the place during those muted hours before Sabbath, the way the entire scene appears to have retreated to some still, suspended moment in time... anyone who has noticed this will recognize immediately the mood of Gilad's poetry; his symbolist images, his allusive shifts.

Brought up on Kibbutz Ein Harod, and witness to the amazing transformation of the Gilboa from a wasteland and swamp into "green and flowering farmland," Zerubavel (as he is known) could in many senses be called a child of nature, not least of all in the Wordsworthian, Wordsworth wrote (in *Poems of the Fancy XX*):

*Vain is the glory of the sky,
The beauty vain of field and grove;
Unless, while with admiring eye
We gaze, we also learn to love.*

Choosing from the best in lyrical traditions, *A Pomegranate Tree in Jerusalem* Zerubavel gazes at nature with a loving eye, and is able to communicate this "ever renewing

A child of nature

A POMEGRANATE TREE IN JERUSALEM: Poems by Zerubavel Gilad translated and introduced by Dorothea Krook. Hakibutz Hameuhad, Tel Aviv. 93 pp. Price not stated.

Aloma Halter

sense of wonder" (translator's introduction) with great directness of appeal. Birds, flowers, trees — Zerubavel has developed his idiom through nature. His poetry is symbolist not only in its apprehension of reality through the senses, but also by using the freer and more fluid forms of *vers libre*.

TRADITIONALLY the lyric form (despite its affinity to music) is a vessel into which can be poured a variety of poetic modes. To mention only the outstanding masters of this form: Ovid's lyrics were an urban-dweller's celebration of rural Italy; Herbert, in 17th century England, used the lyric form to explore a passionate relationship between man and God; and Marvell paid homage to the traditions of the form while simultaneously alerting one to the political tensions and military con-

flicts of his time. It is a form capable of expressing considerable intellectual range succinctly; which is not to say the import need be simple. From within this range, Zerubavel restricts his use of the form mainly to its celebratory functions.

In contemporary Israeli folk-songs we are used to the pure celebration of parts of the country, but in modern Hebrew poetry this is rarer. Yet, even in this branch of the genre, one could make the distinction between celebrating nature, commenting on it, or merely recording it. There comes a point at which saying — even in delicate, varied and poetic ways — "Isn't Nature wonderful!" can become either simplistic or repetitive. The impulse to pastoral must concomitantly express the world that thirsts for that idyllic place or time. So, too, the lyric, in order to preserve its ease and beauty, should allow one to sense that which is outside it, foreign to it. One has the impression that Zerubavel has been slightly seduced by the lyric: pastoral, rather than gaining the advantage over it. That he has, in Marvell's words, been "innard" with "Flow'rs..."; or, to put it more

directly, from a middle stanza of that poem:

*Mean while the Mind, from
Pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness...
Amidst all that's made
To a green Thought in a green
Shade.*

Zerubavel hasn't confronted the problem of the "child-like" inherent in this form — which had been so aptly solved in Herbert's devotional poems by having the "child" address God, the Father. Zerubavel's I can be curiously static, self-enclosed.

THE QUESTION is really whether he is at all times electing to use the lyric, or sometimes just slipping into it, as into a very comfortable medium. Some of the poems in this volume are so restrained, that they almost seem to renounce passion and involvement, withdrawing from the public arena into an intensely private vision. (Quite a long way from the Zerubavel who wrote the rousing anthem of the War of Independence: "Shir Hapalmach.") One wonders if this retreat can be thought of in the same way that Ovid used to retreat from Rome to his country seat, or whether it is a form of escapism. At what cost, to Zerubavel's poems, has the calm been achieved, and to what extent has the stripping away of tension within his expression also con-

stituted a denudation of essential areas of creative conflict?

There are times when this very renunciation accords with the message of the poem. "The Thrush" was an elegy written to commemorate the eleven members of Ein Harod who fell in the Yom Kippur War, and was read out to an assembly of the entire kibbutz. The poem moves from the particularity of grief towards expression of perennial loss, with the ever-present need, in this country, to come to terms with the tragic, in the course of daily life:

*As the old peasant from
Vesuvius
returns to his field
and returns
when the fire dies down,
and ploughs...*

Within the context that Zerubavel writes he shows that his "green Thought in a green Shade" — although necessarily self-restricting in its scope — can be as refreshing in its purity and radiance.

Dorothea Krook (a world authority on Tragedy and Henry James) has brought the richness of her critical sensibility to the introduction and translation. Her introduction is one of those rare prefaces that one reads before the poems, and then, after finishing, returns to for the delight of savouring a sharply honed intelligence. □

ariel

A review of arts
and letters in Israel

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BETTER TO BE LATE
THAN THE LATE
DRIVE SAFELY

Criminal briefs

Benny Morris

IT IS rarely now that one reads a good new mystery or thriller. Often, it seems that the best books have been written.

So one must be thankful for the occasional reprints — of Chandler, Edgar Wallace and the other oldies. Here is a reprint of *Deadline at Dawn* by Cornell Woolrich (Ballantine, \$2.25) (in 1944 it was first printed under his pseudonym William Irish).

The theme is classic-romantic; man-on-run meets hard-bitten dame hall girl. Love. And an attempt to nail a killer before the police nail the man for a murder he did not commit.

The tough prose is slightly leathery but there are lots of good lines, if you like this sort of thing. "Plenty crowded here tonight."

"Yuh."

He tried again. "Is it always as crowded as it is tonight?"
"No, after it closes it's empty."
"...she didn't have to be agreeable to him, all she had to do was dance with him. His ten cents just covered footwork, not vocal exercise."

HIS AUNTS summon Scotland Yard Superintendent Merle Capricorn to New York in F.G. Winslow's *The Rockefeller Gift* (Fontana, £1.75). There he's involved in the murder of two British diplomats, as well as family feuding, and his holiday turns into nightmare.

But not quite nightmare, as that conjures up something powerful and frightening, whereas this book droops and founders from page one.

ELMORE LEONARD's *Split Images* (Avon, \$2.95) is somewhat improbable in plot, but carries well and, in parts, is very well written.

Playboy Robbie Daniels, a psychopathic killer, guns down with deep pleasure anyone he doesn't take a fancy to, and Detroit cop

ed with mind-diverting, often uninteresting, sometimes unintelligent, descriptions, and psychological asides.

In his initial, Inspector van der Valk series, Freeling gave us a good portrait of Holland and the Dutch, together with good plots and characterization. Castang's stream of consciousness makes heavy demands on the reader, and it is a solid achievement to hold on to the thread of the plot. However, there are some interesting characters, and intermittent flashes of wit.

OWEN SELA's latest, *Triple Factor* (Fontana, £1.75) has an extraordinarily complex plot. It includes a 35-year-old legacy (which might help solve the world's energy problem) of a Nazi-collaborating millionaire; a Soviet conspiracy to purchase America's leading banks; Nazis emerging from a South American bog to acquire financial domination of the world; and killers, agents, bankers and innocents killing each other often and lightly.

Nothing in the book convinces, and only its fast pace attracts.

Far, far better is action history, in Jack Fishman's *And The Walls Came Tumbling Down* (Pan, £1.95), the story of the RAF Masquito raid on Amiens Prison on February 18, 1944.

It is based on dozens of interviews, and a minute by minute replay of the raid's planning and implementation. Fishman takes us up to and through the prison gates as the low-flying precision-bombing fighters blow holes in the prison, in the centre of a French city, to enable the escape of dozens of incarcerated Resistance fighters awaiting death at the hands of the Gestapo and the SS.

It is questionable whether the raid had much bearing on D-Day, though this is the drift of Fishman's book, which is devoted entirely to one pre-landing exploit. However, the tale moves and grips. Perhaps the author includes rather too many details and characters. But it is an interesting study of courage and imagination.

Once one of my favourite mystery writers, Freeling's prose has become viscous, impenetrable, fill-

No idle worship

TEMPLE by Robert Greenfield.
New York, Summit, 411 pp., \$15.95.

Haim Chertok

AT CENTRE STAGE of *Temple*, I can't dance, don't ask me. Paulie Bindel, a bally blend of Holden, Huck and Woody Allen, knocks us out with his non-stop, standup routine — Finding Myself in Brooklyn after Dropping out of Harvard. His twin idols are James Brown tearing up the Harlem Apollo and his *cohen* grandfather soulfully wailing the Yom Kippur benediction. This is no idle worship. With such august models of priestly authenticity, Paulie's comic juices *spritz* unimpeded.

Here's an early sample stream: "By the time I get back to the apartment, Rob is gone. Leslie and I kiss and make up. Then we do other things. We do everything we can think of. Then Leslie invents a few all on her own. Back home, Rosh Hushana has come and gone. Soon it will be Yom Kippur. I cannot help but think of my grandfather. He is a small man, not unlike Menasha Shulnik in appearance, only not so funny. He does have a tremendous sense of humour, though. The fact that he is still alive is a constant source of amusement to him."

At the periphery is the world of

lower-middle class Jewish Brooklyn. The texture of the postal employee's plaints and rounds, discount house flim-flam, the politics of temples and beauty parlour are solidly realized. Greenfield knows this territory better than anyone since Daniel Fuchs. What bears stress is that Greenfield aims past the played-out *kvetzky* satire of Roth, Friedman, and Riebler. His Jewish mothers, fathers, and board directors suffer from failings but retain their humanity. Greenfield's verdict is decisive: "Nai Weiss was not a villain. Not at all. He was a victim of the American disease. An overwhelming desire for *gelt* and the power that came with it." Note what is of central significance (and characteristically distorted by the *Time* reviewer): the disease is American rather than peculiarly Jewish-American.

UNLIKE MANY talented cursers and precursors, Robert Greenfield's

critical stance toward American Jewish life issues less from outright rejection than from disappointed affection. The most vital relationship Paulie sustains in the novel is not with Leslie, Stephi, or Sugar (Cohen) but with his holocaust-surviving, priest-cobbler, grandfather whose integrity and eternal Jewishness are identical.

Temple is good enough for its weaknesses to be noted. The main problem is architectural. Greenfield composes one smash scene after another; indeed, *Temple* feels like wall-to-wall pop-guns. The problem is less fizzle than pace and overall design. The ending grants Paulie greater self-discovery than warranted by the patter of events.

Indeed, pattern imposes itself too gratuitously on Paulie, patter, and grand-pater too. Most of the old neighbourhood characterization — Paulie's postal employee-stamp collecting father, his divorcee mother on a date, the rabbi mediocrity — is highly effective, but as for Loose Leslie, Upright Stephi, and Just-Right Sugar, these three honeybees are pure pastebord.

The main thing, however, is that this frenetic burst of Brooklyn energy makes for an entertaining, very funny, sometimes moving novel. Greenfield, an unknown till now for me, is a writer I'll be watching for.

"YES, BUT WHAT was he really like? — that's what we want to know when all the 'larger' matters have been discussed. People have a sharp intuition that the person behind the policies and philosophies is the key to their validity. 'In triviality lies truth,' says Richard Crossman, one of the personalities in this book.

Alan Watkins, one of England's leading political journalists, has not actually modelled himself on the work of John Aubrey, the 17th century author of the original *Brief Lives*, but his aim is the same. He gives a potted biography plus a personal anecdotal impression of each of the characters as if they had already departed this world. They are all people known to him or for whom he has a certain affection or who have influenced him.

They include politicians: Lord Bradwell (Tom Driberg), Ian Macleod, Crosland, Beaverbrook, Healey, Foot right across the political spectrum; and leading authors and critics: Paul Johnson, Anthony Powell, Auberon Waugh for instance. There is one Jew — William Robson, Professor of Public Administration at the London School of Economics, but Watkins comments, "He neither paraded nor concealed his Jewishness: he simply made no reference to it; it seemed to play no part in his life". However, Watkins, usually sparing with his praise, says: "Though he was a difficult man to deal with, he had a touch of greatness.... In his great work, 'Justice and Administrative Law,' he demonstrated that England did indeed possess a system, even though covert, of administrative justice... there was no difference between an administrative and a judicial decision... that there was no magic in the appearances of a court of law. Indeed Robson, though he was (perhaps because he was) a barrister... always showed an aversion to lawyers and their ways."

MOST OF WATKINS' subjects come from the middle and upper classes, were usually educated at a



"Monty Python's 'The Meaning of Life' by Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones and Michael Palin (Methuen, £4.95) is the latest outrage by the group to hit the bookshops and the silver screen simultaneously.

Truthful trivia

BRIEF LIVES by Alan Watkins.
London, Hamish Hamilton, 214 pp.
£8.95

Aviva Even-Paz

public school and either Oxford or Cambridge, the natural recruiting ground for Fleet Street, the BBC and sometimes the House of Commons. They are the opinion makers, the wits, the sceptics, the fashion moulders for better or worse. A lot of them are addicted to the bottle. Simon Raven, the novelist who is responsible for TV dramatizations of Truitt, Iris Murdoch, and Frances Donaldson's *Edward VII*, "after a hot bath at eight... would begin to drink seriously, consuming two large whiskies and soda. With dinner he drank most of a bottle of wine. With coffee he had a liqueur brandy. Afterwards he... drank several brandies and soda. The

evening would end... with glasses of strong beer." Watkins concludes with a certain irony: "Raven would make a note of those ideas which came to him towards the end of the evening: some of them without scrutiny in the morning and proved of value in his work."

Naturally quite a few of these leading lights are homosexual. Crossman formed an early attachment to Auden at Oxford and then to a "beautiful scum-half." I am glad to say, however, that he straightened out, so to speak, and ended up marrying three times. It is also Crossman who as early as 1967, before the current disenchantment with workers and unions, wrote this chilly piece: "Ever since I was a young man, I've believed in the WEA (Workers Educational Association), in training the mass of people for responsibility for self-government and I've been convinced that if we could use education

for that purpose we would be able to substitute genuine social democratic government for oligarchy. Now after the experience of a social democratic government... I have seriously begun to doubt... this experience has really shaken that ultimate faith in the political educability of man, or more deeply even, in the possibility of a government where decisions are taken by ordinary people."

Peregrine Worshtorne, a *Times* leader-writer and political pundit, was seduced aged fifteen on the art-room sofa of his public school, by George Melly, a fellow pupil, now jazzman and journalist. Years later, after a TV broadcast with Melly, he was attacked by Melly's new young wife as a puritan and kill-joy. Said Worshtorne (a dyed-in-the-wool Conservative): "It might interest you to know, madame, that you and I have more in common than you care to recognize. We were both seduced in our teens by George Melly."

AT ONE time Watkins was a lodger in the house of G.E. Moore, "the greatest English moral philosopher of the 20th century." It was Moore who must have been at least partly responsible for the moral development of the Apostles Society at Cambridge, which included Burgess, Maclean, Philby and Blunt. Moore believed that personal relationships were of the highest importance and that we should strive after love, beauty and truth. (Didn't he see that these were somewhat contradictory beliefs?) He was child-like and had a rather literal approach to life.

"Mrs. Moore was once talking about a table that some of their previous tenants had bought. Odd how everything to do with Moore seems to come down to tables. 'You see,' she explained, 'they wanted it to have tea on.' Moore stirred. 'No, no, dear,' he said. 'That's not quite right. Coffee too.'"

Malcolm Muggeridge would have disagreed with Moore. "Lord Montgomery took a fancy to him and... provided him (Muggeridge) with several exclusive pieces of

news which duly appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* as, of course, Montgomery had intended they should. Yet in his writings he treated Montgomery, certainly not with hostility, but with a genial contempt. Perhaps he was right to do so. Personal friendship can be a corrupting relationship. Loyalty to person, institution or country, is often an ambiguous virtue."

Beaverbrook comes over just as you imagine he would. "Then followed a waddy-think session. First of all he would ask 'Waddy think of... it might be Kennedy, Khrushchev or Harold Macmillan. A Washington correspondent once got drunk and announced 'We're going to play the game differently this evening. Lord Beaverbrook. We're going to ask you the questions.' It was afterwards dismissed."

One of England's best music and literary critics, Philip Hope-Wallace (another homosexual, but he didn't go on about it) suffered greatly from proof-readers. They once sent down to the print-room his review of *Doris Godwin* and another of *The Merchant of Venice* with Oliver's Skylark (only sixpence round the bay).

Those who imagined that Kingsley Amis was above the terrors and absurdities of ordinary mortals, since he writes about them so well, will perhaps be cheered to learn that this writer, whom Watkins calls the outstanding English novelist of those who began to write after 1945, cannot bear to be alone, especially at night. When his marriage to Elizabeth June Howard (the novelist) broke up, his first wife very kindly took him in for a time to live with her and her new husband. I'd like to see him put *that* in a novel. He probably will.

If you say there's more to Kingsley Amis than that, surely this one line of Watkins says more than a dozen learned theses: "Lucky Jim, which was published in 1954, was a seminal work in that it said: 'No, life isn't like that, it's like this.' Really, that's what this book says as well."

A bunch of studs

THE BIGGEST GAME IN TOWN by A. Alvarez. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 183 pp. No price stated.

Alan Kaufman

Opening my bedroom door just a crack, I would stand, dressed in my pajamas, spying out in perplexity at this close-lipped, cigar store Indian, waiting for a gesture, a cough, any sign of animation to betray life in him — but George sat perfectly still, his mind lost in astral projections amidst spades, queens and straights. It puzzled me that his sole preoccupation in life was cards. I supposed that he lacked ambition or a hobby or was bored. And besides, poker was so fundamental a part of our household ("We'll see how your father does at cards tonight") was my mother's standard reply to requests for everything from a new baseball mitt to cash for a date) that, like the wallpaper or the dish towel, poker had submerged in my awareness to invisibility. Somewhere in the psyche of that little boy who was me, plastic-covered chair, staring pensively at the wall with a cigar poking from his face,

THEN I GREW up. I thought it strange when hunting for a book to review, just recently, I chose one on professional poker players, since at no time in my adult life have I ever even pretended to like cards. And yet, I felt sure that I knew all about it. Gestalt came when I was halfway through Alvarez's book. Curbed with a flagging, moronic text, Alvarez brilliantly chose to stop writing and surrendered the page to self-portraits by the poker pros who annually preside over and play in the World Series of Poker at Bismarck Gaming Hall in Las Vegas.

SUDDENLY, I recognized my father in men with names like racing card drivers (Doyle Brunson, Johnny Moss, Puggy Pearson, A.J. Meyers) who play for stakes running into the millions of dollars — average quiet people with no interests outside the seance circle of a poker table, and living estranged from their wives and children at the cigar-smoky end of an unbridgeable communication gap. Yet, for success in a nerve-shattering contest over million-dollar stakes, all admit to needing the stability and support of a normal homelife; the family lives in the

poker player's consciousness like a Shangri-La suspended from the wires of his winnings. His need to keep the hearth afire prevents the big timer from playing recklessly and even, to some extent, from losing. For the rest of their lives, the lucky wives and children of five-star paradise remain up in the air as to exactly who daddy is.

THE BIG PROS (and maybe the little ones too) regard themselves as the last of an exclusive breed of lonesome heroes left to the twentieth century, and not to be confused with the common armchair rabble who vicariously stake their pinnacles on the left hook, golf swing, or jump shot of other sportsmen. By contrast, poker's paladins rely on their own skill and wits to win in a gun-or-be-gunned-down game where your enemy keeps radar-like surveillance of the pulse-throb in your neck or the rate at which your eyes blink when you reach for your stack of plastic chips to call or raise. Sitting perfectly still is a finely honed weapon of the poker player, and my father was a man who for hours could sit perfectly still. Yet behind the poker player's poker face a wild steeplechase is in progress; logic, instinct, observation and luck straining neck in neck for the ante pot. These guys will flinch you for your grandma's farm if you just sneeze wrong.

Nonetheless, hundreds of hometown rubes flock annually to Las Vegas for the World Series of Poker. Ten G's will buy you into a tournament which for some players ends twenty minutes after the first deal and, for others, stretches into a three-day marathon with top place earnings at one hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand smackeroos. Most just blow your average lifetime savings on a chance to line up against the top professionals; sort of like spending your kid's college fund on the chance to dabble against Earl "The Pearl" Monroe. Luckily, my pop was smarter than that — he stayed in the two and four bit slot where he survived and made sure I got my degree.

Like *The Savage God*, Alvarez's earlier, chintzy, literary exploitation of suicide, *The Biggest Game in Town* is pseudo-sociology with a capital P. The text is just paley with literary allusion, so tailored for the very rare and very precious tastes of tweedy, academic Jabba The Hutts who count on Alvarez to provide them (in a manner commensurate with their erudition and scorn for reality) with startling accounts from the "fringe." Alvarez has once again proved himself the Marco Polo of the pipe and patched-elbow brand of voyeur. A spineless, tasteless book for fast consumption in English Department cubicles.

WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS224.20 per line including VAT; insertion every day costs IS4441.30 including VAT, per month.

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Announces Registration for Art Classes for Children, Youth and Adults
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For details and registration phone 633278.

Jerusalem Municipality Cultural Department Adult Education Division
Ministry of Education and Culture Department for Adult Education
HA'UNIVERSITA HA'AMAMIT
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announces
that registration for the Popular University commences on Sunday, October 2, 1983 at the offices of the Popular University during morning and afternoon hours. 150 courses in various subjects will be available, among them courses in English for English-speakers, as follows:
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The Popular University is not an institution for higher learning, nor does it award degrees.

ART GUIDE

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Jerusalem
MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Moritz Oppenheim, First Jewish Painter. Tip of the iceberg. No. 2. New Acquisitions of Israeli Art. Mario Merz, Italian artist. From "Pong" to Home Computer - until 15.10 (closed Saturdays). George Segal, sculptures (until 2.10) China and the Islamic World (until 31.10) Oil Lamp section; Permanent collection of Judaica, Art and Archeology; Primitive Art from the Museum's collection (Maremont Pavilion). Looking at Pictures (Ruth Young Wing). Permanent exhibition in Pre-history Hall; Contemporary Israeli Art. Special Exhibitions: New 5th cent. mosaic from a Byzantine church; Torah Finials (Rimonim) produced in
Sun'a by Yemenite Jewish goldsmiths at beginning of this century. At the Rockefeller Museum: Kadesh-Barnea, Judean Kingdom fortress. Paley Centre: Wonderful World of Paper.
Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II. 6 Reh. Or Haimim. Jewish Quarter Old City. Sun-Thur., 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Helhel Shalom: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Special Exhibition entitled, "People of Old Jerusalem", by the weaver Bracha Fredman. Sun-Thur. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri., 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.

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DURING THE WAR in Lebanon, the world media accused Israel of the unnecessary killing of Palestinian civilians and the systematic destruction of refugee camps and entire quarters of cities. When we arrived in Rashidiya a few weeks after the start of the war, we asked, among other things, to know exactly how many casualties there were. We talked for hours with Palestinians, who, we were told, could give us the names of family members who had been killed. To our surprise we did not get any names and were totally unable to substantiate any of the claims of the foreign journalists. We also talked to the commanders of the units that captured the camp.

When the war started, there was an Israeli air raid on Rashidiya. The target was a fortification on the hill near the cemetery and the surrounding area, and it is claimed that a woman and her daughter were killed there when their house was hit, and that they were buried under the ruins. These two seem to be the only civilians to have been killed.

How did it happen that there were so few victims? The large number of people who were outside the camp, mingling with the Shi'ite population, and the system of bunkers and shelters, easily explain the discrepancy between the destruction and the casualties.

When the IDF Nahal troops who captured the camp withdrew, they left some damaged houses. There were no real ruins, because, in the first place, these troops did not even have explosives. The damage to the houses was from mortar fire directed against the lower camp before the IDF entered. All the destruction of bunkers and fortifications was done by the Engineer Corps after the troops had left.

The general devastation fed the imaginary picture of heavy fighting between the IDF and the Palestinians, battles bitter and long, with hand-to-hand combat, house-to-house struggles, and the resultant, inevitable loss of civilian life. Our examination of the matter convinced us that there was no basis for this imagined situation.

Although every camp in Southern Lebanon had its own war stories to tell, only in one, Ein-el-Hilwe, were there any real battles. This was the only place where the fighting was heavier than in Rashidiya. Although the complete story of Ein-el-Hilwe has not yet been told, there, too, it seems that the descriptions of what really happened were somewhat exaggerated and that in the end the Palestinians fought rather less than is claimed.

THERE WAS NO popular war of liberation in Southern Lebanon. This was one of the definite facts to emerge from this war, and one of the greatest surprises for the PLO. But this fact was neither known nor understood by the Israelis.

Whether conscious or not, the descriptions of the heavy resistance and the exaggeration of the threat posed to Israel by the concentrations in Southern Lebanon were primarily a justification for the use of such massive force on Israel's part. The fact that there was virtually no real resistance on the part of the Palestinian population was concealed.

One of the most widespread myths of the war has been the myth of the RPG kids. We made heroes of them, but that was not the case. They were nothing more than children playing an adult game, and there is little truth in the legends of the RPG kids of Rashidiya.

The children of Rashidiya were understandably influenced by the situation in which they grew up - influenced both by home and by school, by the place and the time into which they were born. But for all of that, a child remains a child and sees the world around him through the eyes of a child. They are judged by a different standard and treated in a different way. We should have borne this in mind in dealing with the RPG kids of Rashidiya.

It is important to note here that the Israeli fighting men themselves found, in a totally spontaneous manner, the right way to deal with this matter; they did not fight with these children but ran after them and caught them in a sort of game of "tag."

The organizations in Rashidiya operated youth movements that were a kind of combination Gadsna, sports association and youth movement. The programme did contain weapons instruction, but not in the framework of fighting. The youngsters knew how to shoot, but they didn't know how to fight.

Consequently, any battle in which they were engaged was very short. The whole "battle" was usually confined to their firing the bullet or the missile already in the barrel. After that, the child usually didn't know what to do next. He played at war, but didn't fight. He didn't know what it really meant to kill or to be killed.

WHAT, THEN, of the fighters of the Palestinian organizations who did fight? What was the level of their fighting and what can be learned from it? Basing our conclusions on conversations with commanders who fought against the Palestinians, and who were themselves veterans of other wars, thus having a standard of comparison, we find that the level of the Palestinian fighters was very low. There was simply no comparison with the fighting ability of the Syrian, Egyptian or Jordanian soldier, well known to the Israelis from encounters in other wars. Their outstanding weakness was in their apparent inability to fight within a framework and to carry out a multi-stage plan.

The Palestinians were equipped at unit level with mortars, anti-tank weapons and tanks, but they did not operate this weaponry in the manner that is customary for units, that is, according to a coordinated plan. Although the operation of each individual machine-gun was good enough in itself, there was no single example of artillery support deserving of the name.

The Palestinians were no good at sustained combat as a group, either defensively or offensively. As a matter of fact, there actually were no Palestinian offensives in this war. Such offensive action as there was, was in the nature of a sporadic outburst. There was also no organized retreat. There were only conditions of holding or conditions of flight.

Nor was there any coordination as regards the units or the area. Heavy fire would continue in one sector while another was in the throes of flight. In such a case, the destruction of those who stood firm was a matter of time, depending on the number of casualties they were willing to sustain before they fled.

This does not mean that the individual Palestinian fighter did not exhibit great personal courage and stability. Indeed, one thing that emerged from the Peace for Galilee operation was the fact that the Palestinian fighter is not one to drop

his weapon and run when things get rough. In many cases he proved to be a fighter who fought until he had either expended his last bullet or had been killed. He had the courage to shoot at forces far superior in strength than his, often under what can only be termed suicidal conditions.

The description of the battles with the Palestinians as being very hard stems from the tendency of every veteran to describe the battles in which he took part as very hard, thus proving his own capacity as a fighter. But in this particular war, the Israeli soldiers were also impressed by the motivation of their opponents and especially by the fact that even when the cause was lost, the PLO fighters fought on.

Their very stubbornness was impressive. Most of Israel's casualties were suffered not during the advance, but after the occupation of the area. When we were advancing they could not stand up to us. Once the advance was over and the Israeli troops were either in static positions or on routine patrols, they inflicted heavy losses, mostly by sniping.

What of the battalions, even the divisions, of the PLO? What was their level of performance? All these existed on paper, in parades, and possibly even at the training level, but not in battle. One possible explanation is that the Palestinians simply had not yet had enough experience of a conventional military framework.

But there are definite signs that the reasons for their failure went far deeper. The ability to fight in an organized military framework depends also on several non-military factors. Among them are educational values, the level of the tradition of internal order, and the norms of social cohesiveness.

The number of officers of field rank killed or captured in Operation Peace for Galilee was very small. Most of the prisoners at the Ansar camp are other ranks, or, at the most, junior officers. Where, then, were the senior officers during the fighting? A partial answer was obtained from the officer commanding one Palestinian unit. He explained that their field officers command their units from their offices, not from the field. Medium rank and senior officers transmit their orders in writing or by transmitter. They visit the field but they don't stay there, even if their duties are totally field-oriented.

For years I had been taught to regard the greetings sent by Arab friends from over the border with the deepest suspicion. I had been taught to see the smiles as obsequious greetings by the conquered to the conqueror. But this was something more than fawning. This was also joy at the realization that the Israelis really weren't the monsters they had been led to believe they were. That they were not the terrible destroyers of the Palestinians. That the terror organizations were wrong. That they were a peaceable people.

Nothing had changed. The Jews were still Dr. Menashe and the neighbours one used to know, 30 years ago. Now, at long last, meeting face to face, the Jew had regained his former image as a human being. And this was a relief. If this was so, then there was still a chance...

Therefore, the adult Palestinian had no trouble surrendering to the Israelis. He knew that if he surrendered he would not be harmed. IN ALL THE conversations I had with Palestinians concerning their relationship to the PLO, it was possible to discern a difference between their relationship to the organizations and their relationship to the extremists. Despite their sufferings, the Palestinians regard the activities of the organizations in Lebanon as an important development. Through the work of the organizations they straightened



they no longer dared to object to the songs that were sung in the streets or the slogans that adorned the walls.

AND THEN it was all over. The Israelis were right there in the camp. They didn't murder anyone and they didn't rape the women and the girls. In the orchards where they were concentrated until the fighting stopped, they found water, brought to them by the Israeli soldiers. And in the evening they were even allowed to go home and get blankets. Their houses were untouched. No one had broken in or looted them.

When I visited the camp a few days later, I was approached by an old woman, wrinkled, bent, walking with a cane. She had thick glasses, tied to her head with a black shoe-string. She held out both her hands and her cane fell to the ground. I saw that she was about to fall and I caught her. She hugged me and began to cry. All I could make out, between her sobs, were the words "Dr. Menashe... Dr. Menashe..." At last, some of the people who were standing by, smiling, told me, "She thinks you're the son of Dr. Menashe from Nahariya. She claims she was your nurse." I was speechless. All I could do was pat her shoulder and in my elegant Arabic mutter "It's all right, it's all right..."

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their bent backs and stood tall, they erased the image of the helpless refugee, they raised their standard of living and they tasted the sweet taste of changing over from an oppressed and failing people to a successful and oppressing people.

Altogether, the activities of the organizations were a successful experiment. The suffering, the violence, the price paid for this experiment are all attributed to the extremists.

Who are these extremists? They don't want to say. Some mention the smaller and more extreme organizations; some say men like Azmi Zurif. Few are willing to include Yasser Arafat. He is seen as a moderate leader who is willing to negotiate terms with Israel.

But when we ask them if they agree with the idea of some moderate leaders that there should be a Palestinian state in Judea, Samaria, and the Gaza Strip, and that it should live in peace with Israel, the conversation starts to go in circles and we cannot get a clear answer. But it is clear that, for them, this is no solution.

They came from the Galilee and never saw the West Bank as their home. If a Palestinian state arises there, they will not leave Lebanon in order to live in it. Many of them who were in the Galilee before 1948 had never visited the West Bank in their entire lives. For most of them the West Bank is simply a new form of exile.

They want to go home to the Galilee, even under Israeli rule. Before the war few were interested in leaving Lebanon to live under the Israelis; but now, with their homes in Lebanon destroyed, the idea seems reasonable to them.

The Western concept of nationalism is not the concept of the Palestinians. There is a certain nationalist loyalty to the state, of course, but this is secondary to their loyalty to their own ethnic group. Most of them describe themselves as Palestinian Lebanese. They supported the PLO on the basis of this Palestinian identity, as the expression of the Palestinian struggle.

The war caused a situation in which once again the Palestinians cannot devote all their efforts to the ideology of the PLO. Even before the war this was a secondary issue with them, and was based on their wish to preserve their accomplishments as an ethnic group in Lebanon.

Their problems now are immediate problems of existence. In Lebanon, after Operation Peace for Galilee, they are exposed to the possibility of expulsion, or even massacre. Their problems are real. Where will they go if they are expelled? Who will protect them in their hour of distress? At this point they look to the Israelis for an answer. Later on? Who knows? □

هكذا من الأصل

AN INTERNATIONAL conference on alternative medicine, to take place here next spring, is now in the planning stage. The idea was initiated by doctors associated with local hospitals and universities, and it appears to be a first nod of recognition toward this verdant field by the academic establishment.

There has been a tremendous surge of interest during the past decade or so in unconventional ways of achieving physical and mental well-being. These include yoga, meditation, breathing exercises, magnetic healing, acupuncture, rebirthing, bio-feedback, vegetarianism and drastic diets, herbal medication, hypnosis, jogging, reflexology, Feldenkrais and the Bagelmacher here at home, on to encounter groups of assorted and dynamic flavours, primal and other screams and whimpers, and total religious commitment — the important thing being to believe in the therapy of your choice, including your doctor's prescription.

The above is only a very partial list, but already a mixed bag that includes approaches which have been in use for centuries in other societies, now eagerly rediscovered and popularized in the Western world, starting usually in America and specifically in California. Southern California most often, I note with the disdain of one who grew up in San Francisco.

The surge toward alternatives is caused, of course, by dissatisfaction and disenchantment with conventional medicine. Many people seem unable or disinclined to cope with the tensions, pollutions and pills of modern life, and the approach of hard-core medicine to our infirmities seems less attractive than what may be fished out from the seething cauldrons of the unconventional — where charlatans also flourish. The poet Yeats saw it all 50 years ago, when he wrote, "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold."

I heard about the planned conference, for which the more dubious alternative sheep will surely be separated from the acceptable alternative goats, from Zeev Bolgar of Tivon, at a two-day workshop he conducted recently at a home in Moshav Arbel on something called "Touch for Health."

The name puts me off, but this is irrelevant to the fact that some two million people in 20 countries have taken TFH courses since the idea was born over 10 years ago, mostly in America and Europe, but also in such unlikely spots as Indonesia and New South Wales. The basic TFH book, "a practical guide to natural health using acupuncture, touch and massage to improve postural balance and reduce physical and mental pain and tension," has been translated from English into Dutch, Danish, Swedish, German, French, Spanish and Braille, and teaching summaries are available in Japanese, Portuguese and Hebrew.

Two certified instructors work in Israel — Nathan Van Leeuwen, who attended the 8th International TFH conference this summer in California, and Bolgar, who has given instruction over the last two years to more than 250 Israelis.

I SHOULD SAY at the start that I have a profound lack of interest in myself as an object for psychological or physical investigation. This goes against the spirit of the times, I know, and the deep reasons for this disinclination are probably too horrible to contemplate. The superficial reason is that I had the blind good luck to come from such

healthy parents that I know little about aches and pains. Thus it is easy for me to scoff at the way doctors are revered here — though when I break my leg again I will rush to the surgeon, and I have complete trust in my dentist.

As for the tensions from which we are all supposed to suffer, profound laziness serves me as a good antidote. In short, nobody will get rich selling me the keys to self-improvement. It's not that the present package is so wonderful, it's just that self-absorption seems so much worse.

Rational, although involving such elusive concepts as "lines of energy flow," TFH provides some instantly visible demonstrables. It can be easy or profound, whichever you prefer — as Bolgar says, "You don't have to be a dentist to brush your teeth." The testing and strengthening of muscles aims not at physical strength, but balance: when one muscle is in spasm, the problem is considered to lie not in it, but in the opposing muscle.

TFH is designed to make available to everybody a set of simple tools enabling the detection of trouble-spots long before they become serious, and another set of tools devised to eliminate those spots or get you to the doctor in time.

"We don't heal people," says Bolgar, emphasizing that he is not a doctor. It is a basic tenet of TFH that no "healer" ever heals anybody: it is the body itself which performs the healing process.

The trick is not to abuse our bodies too much, resilient though they are — not by what we feed them, nor by how we use them (literally, how we walk and sit) nor through our emotional states; like all modern theories, TFH emphasizes unity of mind and body. At Arbel, we watched and took part in some spectacular demonstrations of all this. The techniques, though simple, are hard to describe. Children can — and do — perform them, and they are a natural for television.

WE STARTED with a testing of 14 major muscles — arm, leg, shoulder and so on, done by resisting a pressure applied by ourselves or a partner. This does not involve a contest of strength, but is a test of energy balance: the pressure may be light, but the muscle must be strong enough to "lock" and stay in place. This is applied kinesiology (a new one on me, and a technique for balancing muscles) and involves the "energy flow" which connects the various systems of the body.

The results of the muscle tests lead to a gentle massage of certain "neuro-lymphatic points," the light touching of "neuro-vascular holding points," mostly on the head, and a tracing of one of 14 "meridian lines."

The concept of meridians, or acupuncture vessels, is taken straight from the Chinese method of acupuncture, though here there are no pins and everything is done with the fingers. It is through these meridians that the muscles are said to be associated with our bodily organs, though the TFH connections will come as a surprise to most of us. For example, "thyroid conditions, digestive disturbances, infections, weight changes, and crying for no apparent reason may be associated with Teres minor (a shoulder muscle) weakness," according to the TFH book.

If this sounds terribly complicated — it is. But you don't need to understand the structure of TFH

Soft touch

HELGA DUDMAN takes a sceptical look at an 'alternative health' programme.



theory. As noted, children take to it like ducks, or at least like intelligent ducks. During our course, the seven-year-old daughter of one of the participants wandered in and began to take part. In no time at all she was tracing meridian lines with glee, whereas I, possibly the most dull-witted in the room, was having trouble remembering whether it went in or out at the shin-bone.

But it all becomes automatic very soon, Bolgar assured us, and indeed, those who participated in the second day, which I missed, said things fell into place rapidly. Bolgar also told us that he had heard of a cat suffering from a kidney disorder which had been cured by a TFH technique, and there are those who work with horses and dogs as well. Far more to the human point, infants and other patients suffering from paralysis or immobilized by surgery can be helped by using a surrogate, testing and balancing through a third person who touches the one undergoing treatment.

The 14 participants in our course were a varied mix, and proved that no prior knowledge is required. We ranged from professional quite familiar with the names of muscles (nurses and physical therapists from nearby kibbutzim were well

represented) down to dumb-bells like myself. There was a charming couple from a northern moshav, who had already taken this introductory course and were present to help out; they were soon to take the intermediate course. There were two people from Amirim, the vegetarian moshav, who sat through the whole thing in a yoga position.

Vegetarianism is not part of TFH, though healthy eating — with emphasis on whole, natural foods — is. The TFH book gives nutritional indications for each of the muscle-and-organ associations considered. For instance, the Pectoralis major sternal, the muscle involved in moving the arm inwards, turning and drawing it forward, is considered to be associated with the liver and such problems as glaucoma. The book illustrates the arm muscle test and gives the acupuncture points, the massage point, and the meridian line. Dietary advice is to avoid fried foods and sweets containing fats, alcoholic beverages, carbonated drinks and caffeine. Recommended are liver and foods containing Vitamin A, such as green leafy vegetables, parsley and green pepper.

HERE ARE some of the things that happened to me and my fellow participants during the course at Arbel: Early in the day, one of my main arm muscles was tested, and found to lock in place nicely. Fine. Then Bolgar gently tapped some point near my collar-bone a few times, and tested again. This time my arm went down as though held up by butter. Auto-suggestion? It couldn't have been, because I had no idea of what was supposed to be happening. After this "weakening," it was returned to its original fine condition by running the "meridian" line, which in this case is drawn, by a hand, up from the centre of the groin in a kind of circle, going under the chin to the lower lip. Hard to visualize; but imagine those gestures in the air made by karate fighters. I had thought them some sort of ritualized Japanese dance, but it turns out this is the traditional way of strengthening yourself and weakening your opponent. The opposite of what's good for you is bad for him. This "weakening" potential made me rather nervous, and Bolgar stressed the importance of understanding the techniques. Another participant had her arm muscle tested, and also passed nicely. Then she was asked to walk around the room several times

holding a book awkwardly under her arm, and immediately re-tested. Again, the result was a suddenly and dramatically flabby muscle. The point here was to indicate the negative effects of improper body motions.

Another participant told me later that she had been to the doctor for lower back pain, and had been told that the trouble seemed to be a disc, and that she might need an operation. Bolgar, of course, knew nothing about this. He had her lie on the floor, face up, and tested a leg muscle by asking her to hold it up and out, and pressing against it. The muscle was unable to "lock" against the pressure, and the leg was pushed back. "Mushy" is the term used.

Bolgar asked for a glass of water, moistened her lips, and tested again. The result, dramatic enough to be called a parlour trick if we didn't know better, was that this time her leg firmed up beautifully and resisted the pressure.

Equally dramatic was the weakening effect of a pack of cigarettes held behind another participant's back after a positive testing: the mere presence of the cigarettes, in what was practically an Uri Geller effect, "mushed" the muscle.

Two teenage boys, macho and totally absorbed in their football prowess, were later given the same treatment. Cynical as only 16-year-olds can be, they did not believe what was happening to them. "You used more pressure the second time," they insisted, and remained unconvinced until their fragile mother accomplished the same thing with just one finger. If they could be drawn into such circles, these exercises might help show teenagers the dangers of cigarettes — and alcohol, not to mention drugs.

THE LIST of ailments for which TFH holds out some sort of promise covers most human complaints: allergies, constipation, tension, hiccups, jaundice, weak ankles, cramps, dizziness, arthritis, inability to concentrate and learning difficulties. Once again, Bolgar stresses that these techniques, preventive and early-warning in nature, by no means replace accepted medical treatment — especially with the really serious disorders. He prefers the term "complementary" to "alternative."

"I go to my doctor once every two or three years to check whether I'm still healthy," he told me. "After all, I'm on his list."

By training and temperament, he is far from being a health nut. His former profession was in computers, and the logical-analytical approach is still apparent. He worked as a technical writer in the computer field in England, and that was his job in Israel when he returned here after an absence in 1981.

Bolgar may be described as a Hungarian-English Israeli. He was born in London but grew up in Budapest (the Leslie Howard pattern, but backwards) and lived in Israel from 1951 to 1957. He was a founding member of Kibbutz Dvir and served in the air force, leaving for England in 1957 for family reasons. To add to the cultural variety, his Scots-born wife Anna adds, "he's really a yekke by temperament."

The origins of TFH itself are a cultural mix, too. Developed by chiropractors and with a distinct aura of Protestant religiosity, the method nevertheless draws deeply

on Oriental health approaches, and we are right into yin and yang — but such are the beauties of Southern California, where the TFH Foundation has its headquarters.

Courses there are not cheap — a 12-hour one is \$100. (Prices have been adjusted downwards for the local courses.) But the American Foundation is a non-profit corporation, "has a policy of non-discrimination and admits students of any race, colour, religion and national or ethnic origin." Its president, John F. Thie, who began as a chiropractor in California, now lives in Hawaii. He visited China in 1978 and presented TFH techniques to medical personnel in Peking, Shanghai, and Nanking, which might be something like sending chop suey from a Chinese restaurant in Jerusalem to these same cities.

Like reflexology, TFH is entering the back door at medical establishments here and there, acceptance of such techniques depending entirely on who is in charge of any specific establishment. In the Netherlands, some nursing schools now invite TFH instructors to lecture, while off in Arizona nurses may take courses for credit.

All such methods have their stories of success where conventional medicine fails. Bolgar produced one the first day, and I am prepared to believe it is just a sample. A boy was brought to him recently, he told us, suffering from severe pain in the kneecap. Doctors had not been able to help over some period of time. After just one session — he was careful not to say "treatment" — of testing and muscle-balancing, the boy walked away feeling fine, and hasn't been back.

He told us another story, not from his own experience, but simply to illustrate the basic principle that incorrect muscle use and posture can result in health problems seemingly far removed from the source of the trouble. This was the case of a little girl who began to pass blood in her urine. After considerable diagnosis, the doctors decided they would have to operate. "But, very fortunately, one doctor investigated the child's habits and discovered that, like many others, she was carrying her school books in a heavy bag on one arm, always on the same side. The bag was placed in a carrier on her back and her arms allowed to swing free when she walked. In no time at all, the trouble disappeared."

FINALLY, there is the "dance of the muscles" which sounds better in Hebrew. This is a run-through of the 14 "meridian lines," which TFH addicts do every morning — the only special exercise required for healthy persons. Bolgar says he whips through them all in just three minutes daily, but for the inexperienced and until it becomes automatic, the ritual can take up to an hour and a half. When Bolgar demonstrated, the "dance of the muscles" resembled a "smoothly complex routine by a smart robot; when the rest of us wavered through it, we looked like a group doing an unconvincing Indian rain dance."

I left the quite exhausting day's proceedings with far more food for thought than when I attended an early meditation demonstration, when that technique first burst upon our shores.

And when my troubles start, this is the direction I will investigate, though of course by then it may be too late. But I am in no hurry to cure my laziness.

Today's Lesson: English

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Carful?? — Careful!!

هكذا من الأصل

Sculptors in the printshop

Meir Ronnen

SCULPTORS have been casting multiples ever since bronze casting was invented. In the earlier part of this century, each casting of an edition of six was considered a full and true original (Rodin and Maillol to Henry Moore). Editions of true "multiples" today run to 45 or 50. Monumental sculptors, however, can rarely reproduce matters full scale; some of them sell multiples of "maquettes" of the original. Of late, many environmental sculptors, from Christo to Tumarik, make and market etchings, photo-etchings and screenprints of their sculptures or environments, or use them as the main motif of a print.

Etchings by Igal Tumarik that fit the above description go on view next week in a varied and interesting show, "Etchings by Sculptors." On view are graphics (and sculptures) by four very different sculptors, but the two different mediums are not always related in form or subject. The graphics were all made at the Jerusalem Print Workshop.

One of the main points brought out by the thoughtful museum-standard catalogue to the show is that the managers of the printshop have become aware of a difference in approach between sculptors and other artists. Understandably, the former have a special feeling for materials and here, for the printing



Igal Tumarik: combined plate etching (J'lem Print Workshop).

plures as a surface in depth, in line with their more three-dimensional approach. Working with the sculptors has also added a new dimension to the experience of the printers. Larry Abramson, the printshop's able curator of exhibitions, as good with words as he is with both designing and printing, calls the experience with the sculptors "physical printmaking."

Abramson also points out that as sculptors are always in some way dependent on the help of craftsmen and expert technicians (welders, foundrymen, stonecutters, engineers, et al), they are used to working with others and even taking good advice.

Abramson has hung a Tumarik assemblage next to his etchings and demonstrates how the artist combines and recombines disparate images, some drawn, others photographed, in a similar additive process, sometimes one on top of the other. Tumarik cuts and folds the plates, using the pressure of the press to combine them together. The plates are also on view.

Sculptor Michael Gitlin has recently moved away from systemic displacements of elements cut or

torn from a single piece of plywood or metal. On display is his jagged, folded and painted piece of arrow-like metal that is related in character to etchings of triangular linear forms that result in volumes. The strong line is treated as a painterly brushstroke, thanks to a masterly and sensitive combination of soft-ground etching and the sugar-lift aquatint process, which enabled Gitlin to virtually paint on the plate.

Then Yehiel Shemi, better known for his massive slab-like constructions in sheet steel or iron, produces three different types of small etchings based on three different

types of sculpture he has made. Shemi employs the same steel in the printshop, etching drawings onto the metal that look like preparatory sketches for the sculptures, but they are all really *ex-post-factum*: in all of Shemi's etchings, the drawings and combinations of flat metal pieces have developed from the sculpture, either in his use of juxtaposition of the flat geometric elements, or in the nature of the design itself.

Finally, there is a display of minimalist maquettes of sculptures, by Tamara Rikman that are designed to be set in a landscape. Facing them on the wall are a series of Rikman's etchings of landscapes; the only connection between the two is the setting. Rikman's landscapes are fairly minimalist too, but not in treatment. Most suffer from an over-indulgent use of line. But there is one particularly fine etching on view, a vibrantly rhythmic composition entitled "Cabri," the home, incidentally, of Shemi.

Co-curator of this thought-provoking exhibition is Dr. Haim Finkelstein of Ben-Gurion University of the Negev, who has also contributed a historical review of graphics by sculptors to the catalogue. The exhibition will later move to Ben-Gurion's new Avraham Baron Art Gallery, (Jerusalem Print Workshop Gallery, cnr. Shlomo Yisrael and Hanan'el, J'lem), Oct. 4-20.

Bernard Leach: vase from the Eberhard Knittel Collection.

Bernard Leach in Kassel

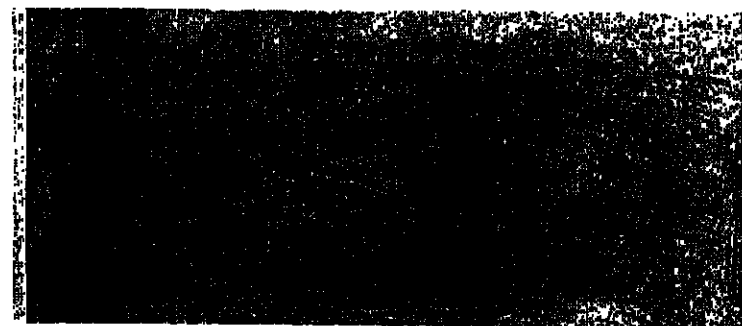
BERNARD LEACH als Wegbereiter moderner englischer Keramik — Bernard Leach, Pioneer of Modern English Ceramics. By Eberhard Knittel. Kassel, Friedrich Knittel Verlag. German and English text. 40 pp. With 31 plates.

A VIEW OF the work of the late British potter Bernard Leach (1877-1979) and his followers is contained in an unusual monograph by a German lecturer in Jurisprudence, Dr. Eberhard Knittel of the University of Marburg, who has illustrated it with full-page photographs of pottery from his own private collection, which this writer once had the pleasure of viewing in Kassel.

Much of Leach's approach to pottery derived from the fact that he learned it in Japan, where he also became absorbed in the influence of Zen on Japanese creativity. Eventually, several Japanese came to study with him in England. Knittel, an unusually sensitive private collector, thoughtfully points up how Leach's work brings man back to nature in a subtle way and he shows us how we can feel what the potter put into each individual piece. Knittel sees each step — building the form of the pot, selecting the colours, making the glaze and even painting the design — as a way of entering into a dialogue with nature. In this sense Knittel sees this type of approach as "message art," but the message is one of the strength of simplicity and the integrity of classic stoneware, the antithesis of fashionable industrial design.

The timeless Bernard Leach pieces in Knittel's quite wonderful collection often have a monumental, sculptural feeling to them; and they are complemented with fine pieces by Janet Leach, John Leach, David Leach, Richard Batterham, Shigeo Ichino, Ian Steel, Geoffrey Whiting, Russel Collins and Peter Starkey. The total effect is extraordinarily impressive, despite the fact that the illustrations are only in black and white.

The monograph is not for sale here, but Knittel has offered to send free copies to interested Israeli teachers. The publisher's address is: Bayreutherstrasse 4, 3500 Kassel, Wilhelmshöhe, West Germany. □ MEIR RONNEN



Tamara Rikman: "Cabri," etching (detail).

Layers of mysticism

Meir Ronnen

THE INAUGURAL show of works at a pleasant new Jerusalem gallery offers something of an enigma: the artist, Abraham Pincas (b. Sofia 1945) was brought here in 1949 and left in 1967 to study at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, where he eventually became a professor. But his symbolic paintings on paper and parchment, in pen, ink, watercolour and for blaire, are anything but virtuosos and almost *naïf* in their literal renderings of people and animals in settings that are nevertheless not quite realistic but rather mystical. Pincas does not pose or resolve any problems of harmony or composition; he simply sets things out in a readable manner that usually overcomes his myriad of technical and actual detail. His entire approach is virtually the opposite of the slick. He offers soul and sensitivity in place of artistic sensibility, yet he is indubitably an artist; or perhaps poet would be a better description, a Jewish Blake.

There are odd echoes of Bergner and Chagall, like the bird on the woman's head and the cockerel nestling between the horns of the ox, but the treatment is never fanciful or formulaic: Pincas offers (huge events as literal reality. He also does works with Hebrew cap-



lions and fills others with Jewish atmosphere, both East European and that of Jerusalem. He gets proportions of bodies wrong (long arms, short legs) but makes everything look part of the whole. His unsettling visions of the Every Jew of yesterday are convincing. (Pinat Hanistar, The Hidden Corner Gallery, 46 Bezael, up the alley, steps, J'lem.) Till Oct. 20.

DALIA KATAV, a fairly recent Bezael graduate and a holder of the Israel Museum's Kolliner Award for a Young Artist, has turned away from post-modernism and back to Matisse, via Arikha and Slabosky. Her large dry-brush paintings in black poster colour of table-top still life and odd items of furniture do not possess Arikha's metaphysical qualities, but often



Dalia Katav: dry-brush painting.

Abraham Pincas: "Seal of the Stag," inks, bistre.

achieve a patterning worthy of Matisse. A few of the works are nebulous, but, in general, Katav demonstrates an extraordinarily fine gift for picture making. Note the strong value of the well-placed white of a lampshade that emerges from all the surrounding middle tones. Well worth a visit. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 31 Palmach, J'lem). Till Oct. 14.

BRACHA FREDMAN was born in Jerusalem but has spent most of her life in the U.S.; she lives in St. Louis. Her show of weavings has both specific Jewish and Jerusalem content. Her woven wool and patterned and designs of ancient Hanukkah lamps, or, in her most convincing series, echo the *talit* or prayer shawl. One quite sculptural

work in the *talit* series suggests the rungs of a Jacob's Ladder joining heaven and earth, the construction being given body with a thick wool so much huskier than that of a real *talit*. The show, however, is named for its least successful section, "People of Old Jerusalem," where free-standing, more or less three-dimensional weavings symbolise childhood memories of the figures of nuns, beduin, oriental Jews and a family from Mea Shearim set against a frieze symbolising the walls of the Old City. None of these satisfactorily solve the problem of combining the symbolic image with the nicely unrealistic weaving, so that the end result is unhappy close to kluge. (Wolfson Museum of Jewish Art, Heichal Shlomo, King George Ave., J'lem) 9-1 p.m. daily, Fri. 9-12. □

The figure stands alone

Gil Goldfine

AHARON APRIL is a solid figurative painter. His training at several Russian art academies is immediately evident in large, serialized, oils depicting the female nude in a variety of planned poses.

Illuminated by light sources that indicate time change, April controls skin tones and the effect on the colour play of planular shadows with painterly ease. Colour, laid on with definitive, but often brutish, strokes is largely local, but slight variations in the highlights and toning indicates an expressionist tendency in April's naturalist bent.

The major part of the exhibit features four frames each in two different series, one depicting a full figure in front of a mirror and the second a cramped torso. Starting with a realistic life drawing of careful observation, April takes the viewer through painterly exercises that are as educational as they are pleasurable to look at. One discovers that the paintings become fascinations, women treated as dimensional objects to be studied and rendered.

The concepts of emotion and romance are hardly apparent despite April's conscious elongation of limbs and spartan surroundings.

April's pictures entitled "Song of Songs" seem erroneously labelled. There is an abundance of academy and theory here, with only a smattering of engaged sexuality and/or love. The model's mind seems to be passive while her front and back body surface is dynamically structured by impasto surfaces reflecting, refracting or absorbing natural light through the mirror or artificial illumination in the studio.

As much as April's large oils are "pedantically" painted, his watercolours are spasmodic and



Aharon April: standing figure, painting and drawing (Rosenfeld Gallery, Tel Aviv).

featureless. A wet-on-wet technique defies rendering true natural forms without resorting to stylization. The contrast between the opaque canvases and the transparent works on paper does not represent a common front or the common language of one painter.

April's true nature is founded in the realist tradition, from Giotto to Rembrandt. Being a 20th century painter however, he cannot deny Corot and Monet their due. And so April absorbs them all, but still manages to be his own man. (Rosenfeld Gallery, 147 Dizengoff, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 5.

MANDY SAND is a technician skilled in the classical art of glazing. Her shiny-surface canvases, a palette of pale earth tones (especially grey-greens) recall the heraldic portraits of the Middle Ages. Prim-faced and serious, men and women are posed amongst their possessions and symbols of their achievements, much of the imagery slipping in and out of real objects and subconscious dream sequences. Over the years, Sand's rendering has improved and drawing is equipped with true observational line. Translations of the graphic into *spumato* or continuous tone masses of flesh have not reached an apex. Sand's pictures, because of the chromatic restrictions and a preference for strict lines, reflect a presence of

lited drawings more than full-blown paintings. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv).

IN A two-person show, the collageist Shlomo Kessel is the imaginative one; while deliberate, established-looking compositions are the province of sculptor Reuven Scharf.

Ever since its adoption by the cubists, collage was meant to simplify an object into flat design, one that synthesized the real into a decorative naturalism. Kessel uses collage as a constructive tool. Burlap, plywood, twigs and canvas become recognizable landscapes with a formally composed foreground, middle-distance and background. Touching the real even more, Kessel has produced an illusionistic field of waving wheat from several different sizes of carpenter's nails. Whatever sensitivity Kessel might have shown in his flattened reliefs, it is this nail trick that subdues the entire effort.

Scharf is one of those sculptors who carves marble into abstract shapes with a deliberate mass-void patterning. There is little reference to figure or nature and so the purity of composition must carry the art. Scharf's works are a technical achievement, but as an art form that should sing and dance, they just sit there. (Amalia Arbel Gallery, Arlozoroff corner Ben Yehuda, Tel Aviv). □

Eye for the subject

IT IS axiomatic that nobody ever sees the same exhibition twice nor, as in Shmuel Lam's case, the same artist. One had always recognized his sensitivity to colour composition in his outstanding "Flower" studies, here represented by white narcissi and those poppies and roses dependent on a well-filled bowl; yet one had never noticed that sensitivity's failure to connect with the almost brown monochrome of his genre; nor with the customary light "khamain" atmosphere of his habours. This show reveals an innate perception of the deciding aesthetic factor, e.g., the dirty white sail in "Sea Scape" (10); bare masts on a lone boat (26), arranged to personify the subject; and, in the portrait "Ilana," the emphasis on red. One has taken for granted an intuitive command of spatialism, for

example in his various "Lanes," especially 17 and then 27; the breadth of "Jerusalem" (8) or the circular detachment of the "Seine at Paris." And, as if to stress an elasticity of mind, comes the "revolutionary" abandonment of impressionism in the recent "Halfa Seen From the Window," a very light single grey for a panorama of separate but crowded geometrically linear houses. Apart from where he has caught up all the elements in a bunch, viz. flowers and urban scenes subordinating people — despite an evident sympathy for humanity, their pictorial expression is only average — his talent for spotting the essence of a subject has, at times, not been explored in depth. (The Auditorium, Haifa).

EPHRAIM HARRIS



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הכרזה מן האולם

AUTO EMANCIPATION

ROBERT ROSENBERG encounters a car thief with an extraordinary imagination.



RIGHT OFF THE BAT, I've got to say that anyone who steals my car has to be crazy. There aren't more than half a dozen of them in Jerusalem — and mine's the only one that's black.

Maybe you've seen it. It's the kind of car that French diplomats once drove around in.

Citroen once gave one as a gift to the president of the State of Israel. So the guy who stole my car had to be crazy. In fact, he is crazy. Certified.

THIS STORY starts about five or six months ago when young "Eyal Dromi" (that's not his real name) arrived in a certain Jerusalem neighborhood inside a tow truck, which was pulling a car that looked just like mine.

Dromi asked for an old man who lives like a hermit. Nobody knows very much about him, except that his name is Pahoni.

He lives in a square building at the very top of the main street of the neighborhood, which seems to be going the way of all old villages in Jerusalem — part slum, part bohemian, part nouveau riche. He wears glasses that fall off his nose, baggy pants that would fall off if he didn't tie them on with a rope, and, as I found out the night after my car was stolen, lives in an empty house that has only a metal-frame bed and, of course, a car that is just like mine in his front drive.

The car is out there because Dromi showed up one day and asked that "he" left there. "I'm off to Lebanon," he told Pahoni, "and in my neighborhood the kids would steal the cars."

Pahoni, whose relationship with Dromi isn't clear to anyone, agreed.

THAT'S THE background. One Saturday afternoon five months later, I discover my car is missing from outside my front door in downtown Jerusalem.

After a fruitless search for it in a nearby slum, I go to the Russian Compound, where I have the feeling that I'm interrupting the duty-surgeons' afternoon nap. He takes down the particulars. "Two other cars have been stolen this weekend. His laconic approach does little to

make me believe that the police are capable of finding it, even though it's so difficult to hide.

I call about half a dozen friends, including the newspaper I work for as a crime reporter.

The night editor does her job and spreads the news. Soon afterwards, I get a call at home.

"I saw your car on Friday night," says a colleague, naming the neighborhood he saw it in. "I figured you were on your way to a party."

"But I was home Friday night." "Yeah, we thought it was strange it wasn't your driving it."

A CLUE! The kind of thing that Lew Archer and Bogey would have known how to handle.

I find two friends to drive me to southern Jerusalem.

And suddenly, at the dimly lit end of a cul-de-sac, straight out of some *film noir*, we see a car that looks like a somewhat aged version of my very own Pompidou.

We pull up next to it and my friends surreptitiously stand guard while I run to call the cops.

ITS TAKES ABOUT an hour for the cops to arrive, and, while we wait, I discover the following:

One — my car has been seen in the neighborhood, speeding up and down the hills.

Two — it arrived by tow truck, early Friday evening.

Three — the guy who jumped out of the tow truck on Friday evening said that he had just bought the car and the key didn't work so well.

Given, the innocence of the people in the neighborhood overlooking what used to be Jordan. How could they fall for that!

It's easy to understand how the tow truck company fell for the guy in IDF uniform, his lieutenant's insignia dusty from what he said was Lebanon, who told them that in the heat of a recent exchange between Druse and Christians in the Shuf he had lost his keys.

But how could these people, who knew Dromi, have fallen for the old "my-key-doesn't-work-could-you-connect-the-wires-until-I-get-a-new-one" trick?

The fourth thing I learn is that

Pahoni knows the name of the youngster who brought Pompidou's cousin to him five months before.

It takes a policeman to get the name out of Pahoni.

And that's how we hear about Eyal Dromi.

The policeman doesn't quite get the story, doesn't quite understand the implications: tow trucks, cars that look alike, parts being moved from one vehicle to another (including licence plates). That is evident from the last question he asked me.

"Are you sure that this is not yours?" he asked, pointing at the black hulk with leaking oil pan and its colour faded by a layer of dust.

I ask the cop to get on the radio. I want to hear one of those "calling all cars, calling all cars," be on the lookout for a big black behemoth driven by an obviously deranged fellow with an obsession for such vehicles.

"Can't do it," he says. "Don't know the thief's father's name. Need it for the computer, you know."

Then he suggests I drive around the Katamonim, which is where Pahoni says the youngster lives, looking for the car.

"The next day we found out just how far off base that bit of advice was."

THE HEAD of the burglary division of the Jerusalem police, Pakad Avi Marclano, has this to say:

"Every day I get dozens of complaints. And I've got only one car and 15 men to handle all these complaints. So I've got to establish priorities."

"Let me ask you something. Some diamonds were stolen, a car was stolen, a gun was stolen. What do we look for first? I'll tell you — the gun, then the car, then the diamonds and last the TV. Priorities, that's what this job is all about."

"Because the gun is obvious; but the car could be used to commit other crimes. So cars are a priority for us."

"The problem is that more than half the complaints we get have no leads. You come in with a name, a licence-plate number or a getaway

description; we can run it through our memories, computers, ask around. We can find something. But the ordinary guy who comes in says: 'My car was stolen.' He doesn't know who stole it, and I suppose there's no reason he should go out, the way you did, and do the detective work and find out who stole it."

"But without any lead, all we can do is put the stolen car on the mojo wire, telling cops to be on the lookout. We can't go looking for it. We have to wait until we find it."

"And you can tell your readers who'll say that you got help because you know us, that if they came in with the kind of lead that you came in with, then we'd be able to work as fast as we've worked for you."

THE FACT IS I do use some protekzia. I call on the chief of police in Jerusalem, Tat Nitav Rahanim Comfort; he barely lets me finish my story about my stolen car, before he actually does what I've always wanted to see and hear done. He picks up a microphone that breaks into the radio network and says "Calling all cars, be on the lookout..."

Anyways, Marclano's boys take my statement. And the thing that gets me is when I tell them the name, Eyal Dromi, they start laughing.

One of them almost falls off his chair.

"Dromi, oh Dromi, what's going to be," mumbles one cop, chuckling about the tow truck. "He always uses tow trucks. Bet you he said he had been in Lebanon."

It turns out that Dromi has been arrested in the past. One time it was for siphoning gas into a stolen car. More significantly, he was arrested last year at Hadassah Hospital in Ein Kerem, dressed in a surgeon's outfit — green smock, stethoscope hanging from his neck, (luckily, no blood on his hands), writing prescriptions for patients.

"He's seen the movie *The Great Impersonator*, once too often," comments one cop. "but he's not violent, is he?"

I don't care how many times he has seen *The Great Impersonator*. All I know is that he has my beloved Pompidou and I'm not at all enjoying

all the walking around. Just as I get home, the phone rings. A deep, gravelly voice asks: "You the guy missing the car?"

"Yes," I answer, suspiciously. "You come to the hospital, maybe we can work something out. He's a troubled kid, I'd like to help him and help you. Won't charge much for the service. We'll work something out."

Maybe I am stupid, maybe I'm not very brave, maybe I'm just furious. He's troubled? He needs help? He's got my car, dammit, and you want me to pay to get it back? Are you nuts?

I hung up. I figured I'm not about to open a clinic for automotive obsessives. Stealing cars is not my idea of therapy.

THE COPS meanwhile had been to Dromi's parents' house. They said he was in the Etzion Mental Hospital, outside Jerusalem. The army had had him committed, for impersonating a lieutenant.

The police found my car in the Etzion parking lot. At which point they asked the administrators for Dromi.

"Oh, you mean that nice lieutenant boy," said the secretary.

Yes, that one.

"He just left the office," she said. The cops ran out and caught Dromi trying to leave through the front gate.

IT TURNS OUT that the hospital gave Dromi a holiday from psychiatric care the weekend he stole the car.

It also turns out that he stole a doctor's outfit, has sets of different IDF insignia, and a huge collection of men's cologne stashed in my car.

He's torn out part of the dashboard in order to hang a mojo microphone. There are also some art books from the British Consulate library that I'm tempted to tell the cops belong to me.

And he's had an accident, screwed up the front end, the back end and the electrical system. In short, he's made something of a mess of my car.

But I am relieved to get it back. And I still believe that only a certified lunatic would steal it. After all, it takes forever to get parts. □

JUST AS Pessah is the time for physical house-cleaning, so the High Holiday season just behind us is the time for spiritual house-cleaning. In my case, this includes tidying up unanswered mail and loose tidbits of information. This column is the result.

A reader in Beersheba wrote to complain that the local Ata branch refused to grant her a credit refund on her Isracard account when she returned a pair of shorts which were too small, and insisted that she take an Ata credit slip instead. If we have advanced into the credit-card age in Israel, she asks, why isn't it possible to credit accounts for returned merchandise, as is commonly done in other countries?

I put the question to the Isracard management, which told me it is willing and able to credit accounts for returned merchandise — provided a store asks it to do so. But, Isracard admits, such requests from local businesses are "very few" — with most stores in Israel sticking to their traditional policy of no cash refunds and no credit-card refunds. One of the few chains which does return cash is Shekem — but it does not accept credit cards as payment.

Incidentally, among Shekem's new products from its own highly-reputed meat processing plant, are frozen ready-grilled chickens, which only need to be warmed and served. Shekem has also added to the variety of its smoked sausages and its ready-to-heat-and-serve breaded meat products.

SINCE I HAVE a storeroom cluttered with empty Osem wrappers with "contest-points" on them, I was interested to receive a photostat of a letter Osem sent to one of my readers who inquired if it is still worth collecting these. Osem replied: "There is no such campaign currently in effect, nor do we plan another one, and it is therefore no use collecting the points or packs any more."

Osem tells me it is using up its old wrappers with the point system and will soon introduce new "pointless" wrappers. In future, there may be another kind of campaign, in which a single type of wrapper will have to be collected, but in more reasonable quantities.

There continues to be one immediate use for Osem wrappers, and that is to obtain a free recipe booklet in Hebrew or Arabic for every five wrappers you send in. There are seven booklets available in Hebrew, and the only address needed is Osem, Sherut Sak Na'ul, Tel Aviv. The Arabic booklet is brand-new and has been specially adapted for the Arab-style kitchen. It has a separate mailing address: Osem, POB 29, Tel Aviv.

ANOTHER recent letter directed a question at another of our food-producing giants, Telma. Why, it asked, has Telma brought out a new product which appears to be locally-made until you see the words, "Product of France" printed on the underside of the box? The product is a crisp, light "crackerbread," called Patit.

I, too, was mystified over why a leading local manufacturer and exporter should be importing a cracker and marketing it under its own label. My query to Telma resulted in a meeting with its sales manager, Michael Boraks.

He explained that Telma may eventually manufacture Patit crackerbread here in Israel, but not before doing an extended market test with the imported version, as the machinery needed would repre-



Answer time

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

sent a very large investment. The secret of this type of cracker is not in the ingredients, but the method of production. It is called "extrusion," and involves treating the ingredients with a special combination of pressure, heat and humidity.

The result is a cracker which contains air bubbles, and remains light and crisp so long as it is kept dry. It is not recommended, for instance, to prepare snacks on these in advance of a party, but to open them at the last minute and serve as an accompaniment to cheeses, dips, etc. Because they are so dry, they absorb humidity quickly, Boraks cautions.

Patit is considered a boon to dieters because it gives at least the psychological impression of being less fattening than bread. Each slice of the crackerbread contains just under 25 calories, whereas a slice of ordinary bread is generally rated as 70 to 75. True, you may have to eat more crackerbread to get the same feeling of satiety, but you have the satisfaction of being permitted more slices. The label gives a breakdown of the nutritional value of the crackers, which contain wheat flour, cornflour, starch, vegetable fat, sugar and salt.

My correspondent also inquired about Patit's unfamiliar kashrut *hechsher*, from Adath Yere'lan. This is an ultra-Orthodox group in Paris, headed by Rabbi Y.D. Frankfurter, and the package is marked "kasher parve Imehadrin." Telma says this certification is acceptable even in most ultra-Orthodox circles in Israel.

France was the original home of this type of crackerbread, which has become popular all over Western Europe and is just being introduced to the U.S., Boraks told me. The factory making it specially for Telma is Epigil of St. Jean-de-Loise. It arrives in Israel in 125-gram boxes containing 20 slices, which have a recommended retail price of IS\$9.20.

Although the law does not yet re-

quire it, Telma embosses a last date of sale on the boxtop, which is 10 months later than the day of production. But Boraks says it has a good shelf-life of a year.

Because it is an import, albeit from the Common Market, Patit carries about 10 per cent customs duty plus some additional minor import levies. For customs purposes, it is not treated differently from any other import, even though it is made expressly for a local company under its own label. Consumer reaction will determine whether Telma eventually decides to produce it here, continue to import it, or drop it altogether.

Telma and its sister label, Blueband, belong to the huge food complex called Israel Edible Products Ltd. In the near future, Boraks promises there will be innovations in its tinned foods and from its subsidiaries for peanut butter (Egozan) and for pet food (Shefa Arad).

During October, there will be a special discount campaign on Telma products at the huge Co-op Tel Aviv - Dan Hasharon supermarket chain.

AFTER NIBBLING low-calorie crackerbread, I allowed myself the luxury of sampling doughnuts and lemon meringue pie at a new American-style dessert shop in Tel Aviv. Its name, Lindy's, gave me a start on first hearing, as that is the name of a famous New York restaurant, noted for its cheesecake, which had its heyday in the Thirties.

The owner of Tel Aviv's new Lindy's, Yael Claman, convinced me she comes by the name honestly because her given name in her native Canada was Linda and she was always called Lindy. When she visited the New York Lindy's for the first time last month she found that

it is now managed by a Jerusalem Arab.

Yael is a young woman with an unusual background. She was the fourth of 10 children in a traditional Jewish family in the small prairie town of Swift Current, Saskatchewan. The family immigrated in 1959 because her late father was a physician involved in the formation of Beersheba's Medical School, but they left here after a year and resettled in Los Angeles. Today Yael, her mother and three sisters are back in Israel.

With a degree in economics, Yael has worked at various jobs, including one with the Shipping and Ports Authority, but she now spends most of her time in the kitchen at 111 Ibn Gvirol, opposite Shekem, where she prepares the pies, cakes and doughnuts sold out front at the sidewalk tables or to take away.

Why this change of career?

"I was always the kid in the family who did the baking for the Holydays — just because I loved it," Yael explains. A vegetarian, she would like to encourage Israelis toward what she considers a healthier form of eating — without sugar, for instance. She plans to add a salad bar to the café.

So why start out with a conventionally sweet dessert shop? Yael says she has hopes of winning customers for her specialties such as carrot cake or sugarless summer-fruit pie, but meanwhile she is willing to draw them in with more traditional goodies. She claims, by the way, that her doughnuts, the American kind with a hole in the middle, don't contain very much sugar — "less than a cup to a kilo of flour."

Here, include both "yeast" and "cake" doughnuts (which differ somewhat in consistency), chocolate-flavoured and plain. They sell for IS\$30 to IS\$40 each.

I found the lemon meringue pie even better than the doughnuts. Pies and cakes run from IS\$60 to IS\$75 a slice. The shop will also take large

orders for parties. On the premises, there is American-style filter coffee, and Yael and her manager Cathy Crystal, a former Philadelphian, have a welcome way of refilling your cup even before you request it.

Yael has applied for a kashrut certificate from the Rabbinate. Since no meat products are served and the shop is shut on Shabbat and holidays, no problems are anticipated.

Lindy's posted signs around the neighbourhood that everyone is entitled to a free doughnut on his or her birthday (on presentation of an I.D. card). Soldiers and kibbutz members are given discounts.

AMONG THE New Year's cards in my home mailbox, I found a letter from a reader urging me to visit Sesame, a new Tel Aviv shop for gifts and *objets d'art*, at 192 Ben Yehuda, which is a bit off the usual shopper's path. Interestingly, this

aging neighbourhood has begun lifting its face lately, and the block between Arlosoroff and Jabotinsky sports a flashy new restaurant called Buenos Aires, a smart cigar store named Emilgal and owned by the proprietor of the Casba Restaurant, the enlarged and renovated London Conditory, and now Sesame.

Sesame is meant to give the illusion of a treasure cave out of the Arabian Nights, and more than the usual attention was paid to decor, the interior walls being made of engraved cement with a bronze spray. Proprietor Tamir Finch has filled the shop with a wide selection of items which can serve either as gifts or decorative additions to one's own home. It would be difficult to know whether to describe the place as an art gallery, a houseware shop or a Judaica shop, though it has the elements of all three. It is somewhat reminiscent of Masik or Wizo shops, but on a more intimate and personal scale. While the majority of items are produced by local artists and artisans, some are imports.

The price range is enormous — from IS\$9 for imported porcelain miniatures to \$650 for the largest of the Korean-made treasure chests to store one's loot. In between are a number of locally-made items seldom seen elsewhere: Hand-carved wooden statues and tables by a former Air Force pilot, metal-and-glass terrariums, theatrical puppets, quilted wall-hangings, a new line of shiny brass ritual objects, stark white ceramics, and more. Imports range from English chinaware to a Charlie Chaplin doll.

Finch quotes her prices in shekels for anything up to the equivalent of about \$50, and in dollars beyond that. Despite all the expensive merchandise, I was pleasantly surprised to find quite a large number of gift possibilities under IS\$300 — decorative boxes, coffee mugs, key chains, and sprigs of dried lavender from Kibbutz Baram.

The latter is said to keep its fragrance for years, and in addition to its traditional use for scenting lingerie drawers, is suggested as a help for insomnia.

Sesame observes the siesta closing hours, but is one of the Tel Aviv trend-setters in staying open until 8 p.m. on weekdays and opening after Shabbat and holidays until 10 p.m.

MY CORRESPONDENT who was looking for a cat pension in the Tel Aviv area can find one run by Hannie and Dannie at Moshav Magshimim, on the Lod-Petah Tikva road (tel. 03-914159). It accepts dogs and cats, and comes to me highly recommended by a Ramat Gan cat owner who has left her pet there twice. □

—Martha Metzl